if extremely in their own country, it soon dies out among the immigr the Western climate being favorabl the cure of the disease.—*Dr. Jeffr Good Health.*

AN ESTHETIC VIEW OF SWEARI One of the young ladies in a Brook story in the *Overland Monthly* a "There is profane swearing when heart is filled with vindictive pass with malice; but most of the swearing indged in by young people and unc vated people is only so much emphas back up their sentences with. It is that these who indulge in it are was in intelligent respect for their own s ments; or are doubtful if they will b cepted as true by those they addres do not deny that it is extremely bad that it is vulgar and disagreeable; yet a great deal of informal swearing indulged in by the really reverent kind-hearted."

To which a sailor present responds: am sure, Miss, it's not language that wicked; it's "the way one feels in heart. I was thinking, all the time were talking, of once when I was at leagues from land in the Pacific; and fell in with a water-logged ship, with starving men on her. They hailed and we hove to. Then they begged t taken on board. Now, our captain one of your pious sort. Well, when mate, with his hands on the ropes re to lower the boat, heard the captain's blooded decision—'Tell them we c take them; we have only provis enough to take ourselves to port'—t the mate swore an oath (I should dare to repeat it to you, Miss; in a cause it were enough to sink a ship), wished that he might be hung beside the yard-arm, if he did not fetch th poor souls on board. And down went boat, in spite of the captain, and on b they came; and we all arrived saf sound in port. Now, Miss, I ask Who swore—the mate or the captain?

FELICITOUS ILLUSTRATION.—The law of Connecticut required every ma sufficient ability to contribute toward support of public worship, leaving hi liberty to select the form of worship wh should have the benefit of his contr tions; but, in case he made no selec he was required to pay to the Congr tional form, which included the ma part of the people. Our friend of wh the story is related was much attache the prevailing form; but had quarre with the particular and only church that faith within his tax district—with minister, the deacon, and the choir. especially disliked the Episcopalians, theirs was the only church within same limits. He must pay his money one or the other. The form of proc ing by which a ratepayer indicated preference for a denomination other t the Congregational was called "certifi off"; and, after waiting till the last day which he could make his election, "certified off" before the proper auth ities, something in these terms: "I he certify that I have renounced the Chr tian religion, and joined the Episco palians." Some of our Republican friend who have quarreled with their party, a have resolved to join another, feel a ilar embarrassment. They do not like renounce the party that they have s ported and fought for, that has carried country through trial and war and c difficulty and danger. They feel tow it as the soldier feels toward his fla and, when the time comes to abandon for new and strange affiliations, they s as though they were about to "renou the Christian religion."—*Providence Jo nal.*

BISMARCK'S VOLUBILITY AND ATTRA IVENESS.—I have never known a m who is so full of resources as he. It is if half a dozen intellects had served compose his head. Physical and mo courage, shrewdness and an indomitab will, wit and humor, sagacity and re lessness, a certain intuitive comprehens of men's characters and calm steadiness I do not know which of these qualities most wonderfully developed in this m rn Proteus—this personification, to fin the Greek simile, of both Ulysses and Ajax He knows no practical nor theoretic difficulty; and, if there were still proof required that he really is a gr statesman, it would be given in the fa that he handles the obstacles thrown in his way as the most efficient weapons for taining his ends. Besides this, he posses es a frankness doubly surprising, as it a ways hits the point, and expresses itse sometimes in rough but always signific terms. Bismarck speaks English with foreign accent; but likes to use it with his English visitors, and never misses th right word or the right expression, or fail to give a sharp point to his sentence. He enchants all his visitors with the affabl manner in which he treats them. Th expect to see a stiff, reserved state dign tary; and find a ready listener, a witty com panion, who laughs as heartily as they do and with the same irreverence, at the offi cial and unofficial nonsense which rule this world—who likes and makes a good joke, and chats with them as if they were old chums.—*Frederick Kapp.*

CHARLES DICKENS'S TOMBSTONE.—Within the last few days the plain and simple inscription on the tombstone over Charles Dickens's grave in Westminster Abbey has been exposed to view. Since the funeral of the great novelist, the spot where he lies buried, in Poet's Corner, has distinctly pointed itself out to strangers and visitors by a temporary wooden enclosure, which surrounded and protected the wreaths of flowers laid at the time of his interment were strewn over the grave. During a period of between two and three months these memorials remained, being frequently added to by his admirers, who lived within the short space of time since his burial made a pilgrimage to the hallowed spot where now repose the ashes of one of England's greatest writers. The faded wreaths and chaplets, upon one of which was appropriately inscribed "I have left a monument more enduring than brass," have just been removed; and, strictly carrying out the injunctions contained in the deceased's will, his tombstone now bears the following simple inscription: "Charles Dickens, born 7th February, 1812; died 9th June, 1870." The letters are in brass, sunk into the stone.

ONEN NOT SO DULL, AFTER ALL.—A lame ox at Gloucester, turned out to grass, broke from his pasture a few days since, and was seen limping toward the blacksmith shop, where he had been often shod. Making his way into the shop, he took his place in the shoeing frame, and held up his crippled foot to the amusement of all who watched his singular movements. As this though passing strange, was very intelligible language to the blacksmith, he immediately examined the foot; and, to his great satisfaction and the joy of the animal, discovered the secret of the lameness and the significancy of the animal's intelligent action. A small stone had crowded under the shoe, and pressed on the foot in a way to produce the lameness. The stone was removed, and the animal was sent away, no doubt rejoicing in his ox heart that there was, at least, one man that could understand the ox language sufficiently well to relieve ox suffering. Philosophers may call this instinct, or what they will. We call it reasoning—good, clear, satisfactory, shrewd, syllogistic reasoning—from cause to effect, from premise to conclusion.

EIGHT HUNDRED WOMEN WRITERS IN RUSSIA.—In the year 1865 Prince Nicholas Galitzin published, in the *Russky Arkhiv*, a "Dictionary of Russian Authoresses." He is now preparing, says an English literary journal, to issue an enlarged edition, brought up to last year; and, accordingly, he has just addressed an appeal to ladies who write in Russia, begging them to send him a full account of themselves and of their works. He began, it appears, by publishing in the *Molva*, in 1867, "A Life of Russian Authoresses," which does not seem to have contained any great number of names. But the first edition of his dictionary contained four hundred; and so many ladies have taken to authorship within the last five years that he already has no less than eight hundred names ready to go into the second edition. Well may he say: "Female authorship has during the last few years assumed such dimensions in Russia as it has never known before, at any time or in any place."

THACKERAY was unsurpassed as a hero-worshiper. He said: "I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshiped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face."

I AM sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin-redbreast, who chants it as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?—*Warwick.*

SYDNEY SMITH says, regarding the unnecessary consumption of food: "According to my own computation, I have eaten and drunk, between my tenth and seventieth year, forty-four wagon-loads more than was good for me."

The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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ONE WORD.

BY H. H.

It was but one—so short that men invent
No measure for the break its sound
In golden silence make. But I repent
Through years of life in vain;
Its echo is as plain
To-day as when its first broad ripple went
Circling in sea of space, and found
No line to turn, no shore to bound.

It was but one—so short, and yet so swift;
Not by next breath could overtake;
No other word confessing can give thrift;
No other word atone;
Its very self its own
Eternity; not even Christ can lift
Or change, for all repentance's sake,
The laws which its fierce echoes wake.

Ah me! to think how, giving no delays
Nor warning by a sound, a sign,
That fated instant journeyed through my days,
Bringing in hidden hand
That word which shall withstand
Me, face to face, in Heaven, with steadfast gaze,
And cry: "Deathless my soul as thine!
Thou said it me, and art mine, art mine!"

THE GLORY OF THE FIRST MANIFESTATION.

BY RIGHT REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

WHAT the race wanted was a new life. Everything in man that deserves that name was dead or dying. There are many phrases for stating the grand central purpose of the grand central fact—the fact making the doctrine, the incarnation. But beyond all peradventure the supreme glory of the coming of the Son of Man was that he was a Bringer and Giver of Life. It is one thing to acknowledge with high-sounding generalities *the best effects* wrought by "the Word made flesh" on the world at large. A little fluency of eulogistic rhetoric, a brilliant quotation or two from any one of a thousand volumes in the libraries of Christian literature, will easily suffice to set forth these public blessings of the Gospel—the impulse it gave to political liberty, to civilized arts, to national and colonial enterprise, to intellectual activity and invention, to popular education. One capable historian or philosopher after another, like the early apologists, or Richard Hooker, like Bossuet, or Neander or Guizot, can show you how Christianity lent security to states, order and purity to families, sanctity to wedlock, mitigation to the barbarities of war, elevation and refinement to manners, or stability to social institutions and to law. But consider a moment that not one of these large results of the Christian religion on the theater of empires could have had any existence except for its personal effects first on individual men. It must reach every form of social organization by the way of individual conviction. It must travel across countries through the Christianized intelligence, the Christianized conscience, the Christian principles of private character. Before it can touch a public interest, it must go within, by a secretly penetrating energy, to impress a certain number of men by whom that interest is controlled. Before it could modify legislators, it must mollify the minds of the legislators, either directly by its doctrines or indirectly by the demands of the people for whom the policy of the code is shaped. Before it can meddle with cabinets or corporations, mend miseries or right wrongs, it must stamp its image of justice and sacrifice, the sign of the cross, on some living tablets in the hearts and breasts of separate believers. We ought not only to try to take this great fact in and understand it thoroughly, but to draw from it the unavoidable personal inference. These eighteen centuries of Christian history have witnessed the unrolling map of a Christian progress in Christian nations, simply because, through them all, He who lived from Bethlehem to Calvary, and liveth evermore, has been standing and saying to one soul after another, to each one by itself as if there were no other on the earth, just as he stood on the shores of Galilee saying to Andrew and Philip and Peter and John: "Come unto me; believe in me; follow after me: not only accept my ideas into an intellectual assent, or subscribe to certain dogmas, half-Scripture and half-metaphysics, ABOUT me; but *live from my life;* take power from your thorough sympathy and membership in me; let my spirit transfuse, enlighten, purge, fathom, bind up your character, O man, or woman! Be one with me as a branch on the vine." Christ sets up a kingdom, plants a church. He gives men places in it, and draws them in, one by one, through the inworking power of his spirit accompanying the old pentecostal preaching! Repent, believe, be baptized! Christ creates a Christendom by making one soul after another his own, touching it with his divine fire. What right has a man to look round and congratulate himself on living in Christendom if the living soul of a Christian is not in him; nay, if the indwelling Lord of Glory himself, without whom no Christendom could ever be, is not in him?

The Life is light. Light has a much deeper connection with life than merely to make external objects visible and the path plain to the eye. Even in animals and plants it has. It is a producing and prolific energy. It gives vitality, color, vigor; it makes fiber and sinew, flower and fruit, in the organized kingdoms. Light is, to be sure, a condition of our knowledge of the whole scene that lies around us; but it also enters in and exercises a necessary ministry in building up and completing ourselves—giving us the nature of manhood and that mastery over outward Nature which is manhood's peculiar prerogative. It is in both this inward and outward sense that the Son of Man, as St. John writes of him, the Man of Men, Mary's Child, God with us, the Son and Creator of our spiritual world, makes his life our light. He is not only our Spiritual Teacher, or Prophet, conveying truth to our minds; but he is our inspiration, or inward power. We are not only illuminated by listening to him; we are vitalized and empowered by believing in him, and partaking of him. He not only tells us *how* to live; he communicates to us, as soon as our souls are set open to him, the secret impulse, the spirit, the ability to live—to live, *i. e.*, wisely, nobly, purely, righteously, and so to live eternally. His touch quickens us. *His personality* changes and transfigures ours, just as far as we have faith and fellowship with Him. This is the wonderful characteristic of the ministry of Jesus Christ, distinguishing it from all other religions, which merely propose to instruct men by precepts and regulations, by maxims, traditions, and stop there. Doubtless such a system of morals and devotion can be drawn out of the Gospel; and there are immense benefits to mankind in just that system of moral ideas and practices which is called "Christianity," as there are many men who sincerely approach *that far, and no further*, toward the heart of the matter. But there is a deeper and grander and holier influence to be had from the Son of Man than all this; the birth at Bethlehem meant more; and this is to be had in greater and greater degrees by those of every condition that will seek for it, in a personal sympathy with the Divine Man himself. This clears away the difficulties encountered by a large class of minds, from an impression that Christ somehow breaks apart the natural order of things, or that there must be some anomaly, some strange breach of reason, or contradiction to common experience, in order to be a practical Christian. We see the life of God entering into men, as the life of mutually loving and believing friends passes from one into another. The grandeur and the glory are inconceivably greater, because God is infinite, and his spirit in Christ quickens and invigorates a whole creation, including millions of souls. But the *principle* of spiritual influence and power is the same. The touching human appearances and the simple domestic display of the scene of the nativity signify precisely this: the night in the stable; the travelers coming in; the oxen; the shepherds looking on; the mortal mother; the swaddling-clothes, made of just such materials as are wrapped about the new-born in our houses; all the simplicity of circumstance that help even little children to realize that this Saviour has come to be one with them—it is all arranged to assure us that the sublime glory of the redeeming life in Christ glides into the world in natural and familiar ways. These earthly signals of humiliation, common to the Heavenly Master and his people, down on the lowest earthly spot, a stable, are just as necessary to symbolize the *human* part in his mediation as the choirs of angels, the miraculous light, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* up in the sky to symbolize the divine part. What the dark world, the lost heart, the dead conscience wanted was *life*. Life comes. He that hates the Son—the Father's Son and Mary's Son—hates life. His life was the light of men. To as many as receive him he gives power—and what a power it is!—to become likewise sons of God.

Two mistakes, besides the heart's indifference, interfere with the practical reception of this truth.

On the one hand, the largeness of this Gift of Life has been belittled by the idea that it was intended for only a portion of the Father's family. With one or another limitation, fixed by the narrowness of their stinted and grudging charity, even religious leaders—leaders, *i. e.*, of religious *parties*—have cramped the celestial freedom of the offer. In the scriptural formularies of our devotional lessons we are obliged, indeed, to acknowledge the wider doctrine. So we say, "He was not willing that any should perish." "Whosoever will, let him come." "He tasted death for every man," willing to love, "unto the uttermost," the penitent worker of righteousness of every nation, reaching down to the meanest degradation of sin, out to the heathenism of Chinese idolatry, Canubal Islands, black Ethiopia, savages in Western woods, or those differing religionists at the next door, that our bigotry is so ready to transmute into savages. So we say, and give formal thanks. But after we rise from our knees, and go back to our seldishness, we fence in the heavenly grace again to some social province, which turns out to be the province to which the excluder happens to belong. Before the Apostles had got away from Jerusalem, a half-Christian Judaism said the Gospel was only for the Jew. If a Greek or a Goth was to become a Christian, he must become a Jew first—entering the Christian Heaven only by the door of the Temple. There, at the outlet, St. Paul had to protest and plead, with all the eloquence of his inspiration, that this bigoted Hebrew nationality had no savor of the Calvary sacrifice in it; the Gentiles, also, should flock in; Corinthian and Scythian, the dromedaries of Midian and the ships of Tershish, should bring their gold and silver. Then a Latin ecclesiasticism, crossing the shepherd's crook with Cæsar's sword, said the redemption was only for subjects blessed with a Roman benediction. Then a partial reformation preached, with a like sincere smallness, to the Papal and the Hebrew, that neither the covenants nor the cross was ever intended for all, but that very many were foredoomed to inevitable reprobation. Blessed be God, the first message still has messengers; the Life has light for all. To as many as will receive it, wherever born, the power of the second birth and the new worship to God is given.

On the other hand, the personal powers of the Gospel is lost under a notion that it is too general and remote a thing to be made a possession and a life of our own. "Christ may have come," men say, "to the world at large; he may have come to the great aggregate of the race; he may have come to humanity regarded as a loose, abstract something in which I have nothing to do—the historic past, written in books and signalized by monuments. He may have come to all Judea, to Corinthians, Galatians, Philippians; and so we will celebrate his religion decently for the good we hear it did once, and abroad, for the progress of humankind! In fact, I have thought the word "commemoration," applied to the Saviour, is liable to mislead the mind. Christ is not truly honored chiefly through our memory, because he belongs to the present quite as much as to the past. Our immediate love and trust are a better tribute to him than any act of recollection. His coming is to be celebrated by the Christian diligence of the passing day—the righteous temper, conversation, dealing, household devotion, and order, the purity, courage, and greatness of this present week. His redemption is not a relic of antiquity, but a perpetual grace. His sacrifice was "once," we are told; not like that of the law, which needed to be repeated every year. But the same authority tells us, also, it was "once *for all*"—surviving in its efficacy, constant in the holy lives it sanctifies. So our renewed sacrament of the Supper signifies. The incoming of God's incarnate Life of Light did not recede like the ebbing tide, leaving the world barren of his presence as the sandy shore is of green. It placed the life-giving person of our Lord forever in the midst of his congregation, and on the dominion of the world.

LEE'S PERJURY AND TREASON.

BY HON. S. C. POMEROY.

IT is an inevitable law of history that men, like water, will find their level, and that greatness, as developed in mankind, is neither an accident nor a mystery.

Attention has lately been called in the Senate of the United States, by a senator from Kentucky, in most solemn eulogy, to the life and character of General Robert Edward Lee, who commanded the military forces of the late Rebellion. It may not be amiss to give a further view of his career, particularly at the time of his leaving the service of the United States to engage in the war of the South upon the flag and government of his country.

Gen. Lee was a man of a generation now passing away. A scattered few only of his early associates now remain. He was born in Virginia in 1806, entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1825, was graduated in 1829, and married a Miss Custis, an heiress, and daughter of an adopted son of Gen. Washington. From this alliance he inherited the Arlington estate. And to possess again this property for his widow was the object of the resolutions presented by Mr. McCreery, of Kentucky.

That discussion led me to an examination of the records of the Senate; finding, as I was sure I would, that a shade of no ordinary darkness rests upon the character of Gen. Lee, by his faithlessness to his convictions *and to his oaths* at the outbreak of the war. From this examination it appears that on the 11th day of February, 1861, Mr. Buchanan, the President of the United States, called a special session of the Senate to convene on the 4th of March following. And upon that day, at 12 o'clock, Abraham Lincoln was sworn into office. Thirty-six states were represented by senators. John C. Breckenridge, a senator-elect from the State of Kentucky, appeared; *and he too was sworn into office.* Hunter and Mason, senators from the State of Virginia, appeared in their seats on the next day.

For the first time in the history of the country, Republicans made the committees of that body, which were duly elected on the 8th day of March. And on the 28th the Senate adjourned *sine die.* It was during this short session that Gen. Lee appeared before a Republican Senate for the first and last time. Strange as it may appear to us now, still it is nevertheless true that Robert E. Lee was nominated to the Senate as Colonel of the First Cavalry Regiment by Abraham Lincoln, and on the same day referred in the Senate to the Committee on Military Affairs, of which the Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was chairman. He was reported back favorably by the committee on the 22d, and unanimously confirmed on the 23d day of March, 1861! And such hot haste he exhibited as to appear before Gen. Scott, and accept the office, and qualify according to law, on the very next day; thus inaugurating himself into the confidence of the Administration, and particularly of General Scott, at this most critical period of our history. He was often in the most confidential counsels of the Executive, giving his advice upon the military situation.

It is a poor tribute to human nature to conceive it possible that within thirty days this same man, Robert Edward Lee, should turn his back upon his oaths not only, but his generous commander, and his imperiled country, and, flying to Richmond, assume the command of an attack already inaugurated upon the City of Washington.

Let us examine the evidence, and see if this can possibly be true. I remember to have reached the Capital as a senator-elect from the new State of Kansas on Saturday, the 13th day of April, 1861. Fort Sumter had been surrendered by Major Anderson at half-past 12 o'clock on that same day. That news had flashed over the country, and reached Washington. I called upon the President, and saw the first great trial was on him. He was then engaged in writing his first proclamation calling for 75,000 men to appear in defense of the Capital. It was issued on Monday, the 15th, and on that day was the first time I ever saw Gen. Lee. *He was in consultation* with Gen. Scott and the President. Viewed in the light of his treason ten days after, what a man to be advising that unsuspecting and pure patriot—Abraham Lincoln!

The Virginia Convention was then in session, and the ordinance of secession was under discussion. And only two days after the issuing of that proclamation—viz., the 17th of April—Gen. Lee was nominated and confirmed as commander of the Virginia forces, to resist the United States in the execution of the laws. On the next day (the 18th) this same Gen. Lee has his last interview with Gen. Scott. I suppose no one has ever lifted the curtain upon that scene. It is a piece of unwritten history, sealed up forever, as both parties are dead. But I know that Gen. Scott was greatly affected by it.

The next day, the 19th, a delegation from the Richmond Convention entered Willard's Hotel, and engaged some parties with carriages "to go with a band of musicians to serenade Gen. Lee at his home in Arlington!" I followed that band "afar off"—to see the end. And just as the sun was setting over the tops of the tall trees of Arlington, and evening shadows beginning to usher in the night to obscure the scene, notes of sweet music, in mellow tones, were heard to rise and fall about the old mansion at Arlington At length there appeared at the east front, and under that large open piazza, Gen. Lee. He was addressed by the foreman of the delegation from Richmond, who appealed to him by all the historic memories of the "Old Dominion" to come now to her rescue. In response, Col. Lee—as he was then called—advanced, and spoke with a tremulous voice, saying he "deprecated war, and especially a civil war. Still he was a Virginian. She was the mother that bore him, and to whom he held his highest allegiance. *That voice he should obey.*" Music with a livelier air now rose above all voices, and darkness settled down upon the scene. But much darker was the pall that fell over the till then fair name of Lee; for only ten days before he assumed the obligations of that oath which required him to be true to the United States, and resist all her enemies, foreign and domestic.

The next morning, as might have been expected, Lee wrote the following letter to Gen. Scott. I have before me a copy of it. It reads as follows:

[COPY.]

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

"*General.*—Since my interview with you, on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from the service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed. During the whole of that time, now more than a quarter of a century, I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and the most cordial friendship from my comrades.

"To no one, General, have I been so much indebted as to yourself, for your uniform kindness and consideration. And it has always been my ardent desire to meet your approbation.

"I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

"Save in defense of my native state, I never desire to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity. And believe me

Most truly yours,
R. E. LEE."

"LIEUT.-GEN. SCOTT, Com. U. S. Army."

And now the result. It was only two days after this letter, without waiting for its acceptance, this same R. E. Lee appeared at Richmond, and was nominated to the Convention by Gov. Fletcher, on the 22d of April, and, the record says, "was unanimously confirmed as major-general and commander-in-chief of all the forces of Virginia. And then and there he took the oath of office, and led the Rebellion against the United States. He, as no other man did, "made war on the Government, adhering to her enemies, giving them aid and comfort"—fulfilling to the letter the definition of treason as given in the Constitution of the United States. This is the man who, as I have shown, less than thirty days before, accepted and qualified for office under Abraham Lincoln. He now appears in the hall of the Convention at Richmond, in full association with rebels at the rebel capital, and a Mr. Janney, the presiding officer, addresses him in words of cheap and fulsome rhetoric, to which Gen. Lee responded as follows, while the oaths of perjury and treason still hung upon his lips:

"*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:*—Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion—for which, I must say, I was not prepared—*I accept the position assigned me by your partiality.* I would much have preferred had your choice fallen on an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native state, in whose behalf alone I will ever again draw my sword."

This is infamy, blasphemy, and treason made complete. The dogma of state allegiance, as superior to national authority, was the "rock on which he split." Floundering there, he went to the bottom.

A few days after, when Virginia had fifty thousand men under arms within her border, he received the following order from the head of the Confederate army:

[COPY.]

"MONTGOMERY, May 10th, 1861.

"TO MAJ.-GEN. ROBERT E. LEE:

"To prevent confusion, you will assume control of the forces of the Confederate States in Virginia, and assign them to such duties as you may indicate until further orders, for which this shall be your authority.

"[SIGNED.]

"J. P. WALKER, Secretary of War."

I have thus been particular in quoting the order of the rebel secretary of war to show that Gen. Lee did not confine himself to the command, as has been alleged, of Virginia troops; but accepted and followed the orders of the Confederate authority.

In grouping together these events and their dates, it is seen that General Lee enjoyed peculiar advantages at Washington to possess himself of the plans and purposes of the Administration to defend itself, as well as to put down the Rebellion, and did not leave the service of the United States until he was able to betray those plans and that confidence to the enemy. And I now declare that such apostasy is the clearest case of treason, to which perjury was added. Cases of perjury alone have sent many a man to prison and dark dungeons, when the crime injured chiefly himself. But here is a case of the chiefest of sinners, where his crimes led to untold losses, both of blood and treasure. And to these crimes of apostasy, perjury, and treason may be added the basest ingratitude: for he turned his back upon a country which had honored him; upon her schools, which had freely educated him; and upon a commander of whom he himself said in his last letter to him, "I am indebted to no one so much as yourself for uniform kindness and consideration."

In these days of "amnesty," what shall be said of such criminals? Is amnesty due to men of this class? Shall no man be hung for the highest crimes, while we condemn to death, and then after deathconfiscate the bodies of those poor wretches who take the life of only one man?

General Lee captured one old man, who had struggled with me in Kansas to beat back the power of slavery from that its own chosen battle-field, at a time when its invasion there meant the surrender of the whole public domain and the subjugation of the entire National Government. Old John Brown, with sixteen white men and five negroes, on the 16th of October, 1859, captured Harper's Ferry and terrified the whole State of Virginia. Gen. Robert E. Lee, with a regiment of marines, captured him, after a fight, "while Governor Wise put the whole state upon a war footing." For this that old man was taken from Charlestown Jail to the gallows, and there died bravely. And shall no man die to make treason odious and vindicate the authority of law? Then let the gallows perish from the land! If the chief of sinners can go unwhipped of justice, in the name of impartial justice I plead for the least offenders.

And, while amnesty is already extended to the rebels generally, I protest against its application to those who added perjury to treason.

The resolutions introduced to the Senate by Mr. McCreery, of Kentucky, have, to my mind, a significance which has been but little commented upon. It was so astounding a proposition to restore Arlington, with its sleeping dead, to the late rebel owners, and was resisted with such patriotic fervor in the Senate, that even the mover desired to withdraw it. Still, its lessons should not be forgotten. But two years more remain of the administration of President Grant. And then it is gravely proposed in some quarters to supersede him by a triumph of the Democratic party.

Then let it everywhere be known that this measure of McCreery's is the first installment of a series of the same sort. As he is soon to retire from the Senate, he had no better opportunity than to embrace the present moment. It was a little premature for the endorsement of his party now. But as truly as

"Coming events cast their shadows before"

so certainly will this class of measures be pressed upon Congress and the country if by a triumph of that party they have a hope of success.

I would, therefore, early remonstrate against that "amnesty" which clothes the darkest criminals with white robes of forgiveness, and belittles their crimes by such hasty pardons. Disabilities now only attach to a class of rebels designated in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and to them only to the extent of disqualification for holding office.

To that extent, I say, let it stand! If no atoning lives are to be offered up in vindication of justice and a violated law, and in response to the pleading of ten thousand voices, while their unavenged 'blood still cries from the ground' at Arlington, then let this one mark of treason stand! Let it be indelible and perpetual, until they are *mustered out*, one by one, while listening to the last sound of the trumpet-call for judgment!

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 27th, 1870.

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

JUDGING from what we hear, one would suppose that the great and crying want of women is work; or, as it is sometimes put, a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; or, again, freedom to do whatever she is capable of doing. This is not so. What women want is not work, but the wages of work; not freedom to work, but freedom to receive money without working. There is plenty to do now; but they will not do it. They wish to live like women, and be paid like men. I do not blame them for this. It is just as natural as it is to be born. They can no more help it than they can help being women. They would not be women if it were otherwise. They were made to spend money, not to earn it. They take kindly because instinctively to spending money, and hardly, because enforcedly, to earning it. But all the same it remains that when they become men they must put away womanish things, and when they undertake to earn money they become men.

If women want work, what doth hinder them from getting it? They flock to the school-houses for situations as teachers till I doubt not there are twenty applications for every vacancy, and in many instances I know there are twice and thrice that number. They press against the doors of the Government offices, and for one who is received scores are sent disappointed away. They will be clerks, copyists, amanuenses, anything which promises light employment, permits tasteful dress, and bestows even a moderate remuneration; and for this they will wait and pray and suffer. But to the fields that are really ripe for harvest the laborers are distressingly few. It has been dinned and dinned into the ears of women that the place where they are wanted is the kitchen; but into the kitchen they will not go. They are sorely wanted in the sewing-room; but the sewing-room is to them an abomination. They have no taste for these things, it is said. But have they any inborn taste for copying deeds? Is there anything especially agreeable in counting greenbacks till your fingers bleed? It seems degrading to a girl of good education to assume the business of cooking or clear-starching; but there is a call for ten times as much mind, skill, judgment, wisdom in managing a cooking, or an ironing, or a sewing department as is required to count money or copy letters.

Sick-nursing is an occupation the most honorable, important, and remunerative. The demand for nurses is constant and urgent. They receive whatever they choose to ask. No skill, no training, no education, no refinement is thrown away here. And it is a calling peculiarly womanly; so much so, indeed, that only the money earned puts it in the sphere of man. You would suppose that women would rush into it. On the contrary, they assiduously keep out of it. The scarcity is so great that the need is always pressing, often distressing, and not infrequently fatal. Life is lost, health and happiness are destroyed, and mourners go about the streets from sheer and simple lack of careful and intelligent nursing. Delicate, sensitive women, in critical and dangerous illness, with every sense preternaturally acute, and power of resistance weakened by suffering, are forced to be thrown into the hands of ignorant, superstitious, garrulous, obtuse, untidy, snuff-taking old women, whose very presence would be enough to make a well person sick. If sudden and severe disease makes too heavy draughts upon the healthy,

"East and west and south and north
The messenger ride fast."

And often and long they ride in vain. The patient not only suffers from being tended by worn-out friends, but he suffers unspeakably from anxiety on their account. Instead of being quiet, and giving his sole strength to recovery, he is constantly kept back and kept down by feeling himself a burden upon those he loves. And the greater their mutual love the greater the uneasiness. I am amazed, I am indignant to hear this outcry for a wider sphere and greater opportunities for woman, while her sphere is already a thousand times wider than she spans, and her opportunities a thousand-fold greater than she has ever attempted to measure. Every sphere under the sun is open to her but the do-nothing sphere. Every imaginable opportunity is offered her except the opportunity to sow tares and reap wheat. The cry for work, the clamor for a career are the cry and clamor of weakness. Strong eyes see work, and strong hands do it, and say nothing about it. She who is equal to a career enters upon a career, and there is no flourish of trumpets. Be sure she who complains of obstacles is not the victim of obstacles.

I do not blame women for wishing to live easy and dress well; but I do blame them for thinking it more dignified to whine and complain than to live laboriously and dress coarsely. I rejoice in every woman who conquers fate and compels deference; but I do not rejoice in those who are neither strong enough for a calm victory or a dignified submission. It is well if a woman has the power of self-direction—feels no fear and asks no favor; but there are thousands of women who have no especial bent to anything, but who have general adaptations that might make them useful, prosperous, and honored, if they would only give their energies to work, instead of to getting money without work.

OUR PUBLIC MEN IN PRIVATE.

BY PROF. MOSES COIT TYLER.

IT is now a little more than two weeks since I came to Washington. During the most of that time Congress has not been in session, and many of its members have been absent from the Capital. With the exception of the single night of rhetorical lightning and tempest which I witnessed in the Senate when that body sat up till morning to scold Charles Sumner, under the shield of a debate on San Domingo, I have not yet seen either house put sufficiently into action to make it desirable for me, at this writing, to say much of the public characteristics of our Congress and of our congressmen. But this interval of legislative repose has been, on the whole, a fortunate one for a person who, like myself, may have recently come here as a student of political men and political affairs. Though many members went home during the recess, many more staid in Washington. Here, also, all the time, were the members of the executive department of our goveramental family. So that the very suspense of life in the great marble temple in the eastern end of the town gave opportunity for seeing something of the private side of public life in the western end.

It has been my good fortune already to meet familiarly, and in most cases more than once, quite a large number of the noted men whom we humble citizens in the rural districts call great—the President, the Vice-President, a Cabinet minister or two, many of the foremost senators and representatives; and I am bound to say that, though in their presence I did not find myself overwhelmed with the awe and terror which I expected—though, in fact, my hair did not stand on end, nor my voice stick in the throat—I have been greatly impressed, nevertheless, with the fact that our leading politicians and statesmen are of a much higher type of person than our current literature gives them the credit of being. Is there not among the literary class, at present, a tendency almost virulent to sneer at and to disparage the political class? Certainly the majority of reading and thinking Americans never actually see a great politician, except perhaps at intervals of four or eight years, when the latter is on the periodical vote-soliciting rampage. We common folks, for the most part, form our notions of the lawmakers upon what is said of them by the bookmakers; and it is one of the unpleasant consequences of our American divorce between literature and politics that the men who write for us take rather a contemptuous view of the men who legislate for us—representing them as belonging to a low, coarse, hard, illiterate ill-mannered, and unthoughtful order of human nature.

Now, the confession which I have to make is that, in common with many of my fellow-citizens in retirement, I find that I have been misled in this respect. I am not about to rush to the opposite extreme, however, and to say that I have discovered all the leading politicians in Washington to be great philosophers in disguise, great poets reluctantly making their speeches in prose, and great scholars who have not time to read books. Admirab'e Crichtons do not abound here or elsewhere. Of course, among all this crowd of persons, there are a plenty who are commonplace, petty, or vulgar. Yet, it strikes me that the men who usually come to the front, who do the real work in our national legislature and give to it its character, are neither commonplace, nor petty, nor vulgar. They would not suffer by a comparison with our literary people. I venture to say that, in as many ways—though those ways may be somewhat different—they are quite as accomplished. It is true that, with an occasional superb exception, like Charles Sumner, our politicians do not get that varied scholarly training, and have not that manifold acquaintance with the literatures of mankind, of which many examples could be mentioned among the politicians of Germany, of Italy, of France, and of England. But very much the same remark could be made of the literary men of America as compared with literary men of those countries. America is still crude. The time has not arrived for such elaborately trained statesmen or scholars to be possible among us in large numbers. Meantime, this, at least, is my impression: that the chieftains of the two houses of Congress, of both parties, are men fully up to the best rank of our land and time—being of immense personal force, of prodigious application, versatile, vigilant, sagacious, going straight to the mark. I cannot pretend to know even the names of all the ablest men here; but, bringing together

The Independent.

THE POET'S REPLY.

[From Bodenstedt's German translation from the Persian of Mirza Schaffy.]

BY JOEL BENTON.

The thistle asked the blushing rose:
"Why not be a thistle, sweet?
Then your life would have some use—
And thee the hungry ass could eat."

To the bulbul said the goose:
"Why dost thou no service give?
We to man our life devote—
Gladly die that he may live."

"O Poet," the Philistine asks,
"What help are verses to the state?
Better to do some useful work—
To toil than idly meditate."

"O smart Philistines, geese, and thistles!
Each does the work which God provides;
If you do drudgery by nature,
Is there no higher work besides?

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

No. XXXII.

THE YEAR OF MOBS—THE DESTRUCTION OF PENNSYLVANIA HALL.

The riotous demonstrations which had marked the year 1834 seemed to culminate in the year 1835, in which a reign of terror prevailed throughout the Free States. Churches and public halls were assaulted, life and limb endangered; anti-slavery speakers were rudely and roughly handled, and often placed in circumstances of imminent peril. Rev. Jonathan Blanchard, afterward president of Wheaton College, spent a portion of that year in delivering lectures in Pennsylvania. Within the brief space of one month twenty-five of thirty meetings were interrupted, and many of them broken up.

Henry B. Stanton, on leaving Lane Seminary, was at once employed as lecturer and agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Being earnest, enthusiastic, and eloquent, he took his place at once among the most prominent and popular of the anti slavery orators of that day. Between that time and the year 1840, when he was sent to England to attend the World's Convention, he delivered in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania more than one thousand addresses and lectures. Though he was resolute, adroit, and magnetic, and, of course, had uncommon power over popular assemblies, more than one hundred and fifty of those meetings were interrupted and partially or completely broken up by mob violence.

Theodore D. Weld, leaving Lane Seminary at the same time, engaged for two or three years in the same work—mainly in the Central States and the West. He, too, possessed in an eminent degree those rare gifts of oratory whose mission it generally is to soothe and subdue as well as to thrill and convince. And yet the demoniac rage of those pro-slavery times were too great for even his persuasive powers; and he, too, passed through a continual series of like outrages, many of which, especially at the West, were of a most brutal and violent character. And these are but illustrations of those dark and troublous times in which the early pioneers of immediate emancipation were called to act, and in which they revealed the strength of their principles, the firmness of their purposes, and the heroism of their characters.

Among the deeds of lawlessness which characterized those days, the burning of Pennsylvania Hall stands out in disgraceful pre-eminence, in which the violence of the mob was only equaled by the pusillanimity of the city government. Excluded from churches and halls, the Abolitionists and other friends of free discussion in Philadelphia erected in that city, at the cost of about $40,000, "Pennsylvania Hall." It was dedicated on the 14th of May, 1838, and David Paul Brown was selected as the orator of the occasion. Liberty was the theme of his eloquent oration. A poetical address, from the pen of John G. Whittier, was read by Charles C. Burleigh. Letters were received and read from the most eminent lawyers of the state. Walter Forward, afterward Secretary of the Treasury, in response to the invitation to be present, wrote that the right to speak, to write, and to petition governments must not be abridged, questioned, or surrendered. "They are to be," he said, "fearlessly asserted at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances." Thomas Morris, then senator from Ohio, sent a long, earnest, and eloquent letter, in which the right of "free discussion—discussion without fear of the pistol of the duelist, the knife of the assassin, the fagot of the incendiary, or the still more dangerous fury of the unbridled mob"—was declared to be a right the people must and would have. The Rev. Dr. S. S. Beman, of the State of New York, who, twelve years later, gave in his adhesion to the Fugitive Slave Act, could not be present; but he sent an expression of his abhorrence of chains and stripes, and the joy he felt that there was a spirit in existence and awake in Philadelphia which "will not bow to the altar of slavery, nor tamely submit to the dictation of those who delight in high places that it is a wise and holy institution, and that it shall be perpetual."

During these days meetings were held and speeches were made to crowded assemblies for temperance, for the Indian, and for the slave. Alvan Stewart spoke of the hall they were then consecrating to free discussion, and which the mob was so soon to give to the flames, as "Pity's home," the spot to which "the pilgrim of humanity" would come, the "resting-place of the fugitive," "the slave's audience-chamber," around which "the sympathies of noble hearts and the prayers of the poor would gather." Charles C. Burleigh, Alanson St. Clair, Arnold Buffum, and others joined in dedicating that hall to the rights and interests of humanity.

At that time a national convention of anti-slavery women was sitting in the same city, and it was announced that some of its number would address the audience on the evening of the third day. The room was thronged, and thousands went away, unable to find entrance. A vast crowd gathered outside of the building hurled volleys of stones against the windows, and interrupted the audience with yells and other riotous demonstrations of a determination to break up the meeting. Many within the hall joined in this attempt.

Mr. Garrison, referring to the sneers of the slaveholders and their allies against the labors of the women, maintained that every good cause ultimately triumphed which received their support; and he averred that West India emancipation was "mainly owing, under God, to the quenchless devotion, untiring zeal, and indomitable perseverance of the women of England." In the presence of the disorderly spirits within and without the building, who sought to silence the voice of free discussion, he proclaimed that there should be no silence until the howlings of the bereaved slave-mother were turned into shouts of joy.

In the midst of these shoutings and the tumult of the rioters, Mrs. Maria W. Chapman, of Boston, calmly arose and expressed the earnest desire that "the spirit of divine truth might so far penetrate the hearts of all present that they would be prepared to listen to the wail now coming up to them from the burning fields of the South." Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld then addressed the stormy assemblage; pleading with earnest, tender, and persuasive eloquence the cause of the slave. She said she was brought up under the wing of slavery, had seen its horrors and witnessed its demoralizing influences. She had never seen "a happy slave," though she had seen him "dance in his chains." Declaring that men who held the rod over the slave ruled in the councils of the nation, she, as a Southern woman, attached to the land of her birth, appealed to the women of Philadelphia to imitate the zeal and love, faith and works of their English sisters for the deliverance of the oppressed.

This eloquent Southern woman, self-exiled from her native state, because of her abhorrence to slavery, was followed by Miss Abby Kelly, of Massachusetts. Miss Kelly was a young lady of superior abilities, personal attractions, and accomplishments. Early accepting the doctrine of immediate emancipation, she zealously espoused that cause and consecrated to its advocacy time, talent, property, and health. For more than a generation she labored with tireless energy in that self-denying service. If her stern and unsparing denunciations against slaveholders and their allies were sometimes applied, with too little discrimination, to those who did not fully accept her views and adopt her modes of action in their opposition to slavery and the slave power, none who knew her failed to recognize the sincerity of her convictions and the integrity of her purpose.

Rising on that occasion to address, as she said, for the first time a promiscuous assembly, she declared that it was not "the maddening rush of those voices," nor "the crashing of those windows" that called her before them; but it was "the still small voice within," that bade her open her mouth for the dumb, and plead the cause of God's perishing poor.

Early on the morning of the 17th the mob began again to assemble about the hall. The board of managers called upon the police and Mayor Swift for protection; but the day passed without any efficient measures from these officials for the dispersion of the rioters and the promotion of order. But about sunset the mayor informed the board that he would disperse the mob if the building was placed in his hands. The keys were accordingly given to him; and he addressed the riotous assemblage, assuring them that there would be no meeting that evening, as the building had been given up to the authorities for protection. He reminded the excited and lawless thousands before him that he looked on them as his police; for, he said, "we never call out the military here." Bidding the crowd good-night, he retired to his office.

The mob, separating for a short time, immediately reassembled before the hall, and commenced their assaults upon its doors and windows. Summoning the police, the mayor went to the building, but only to find himself and his force of police and fire companies utterly powerless for its protection; and that beautiful building, consecrated to freedom and to free discussion, was soon enveloped in flames. It is estimated that fifteen thousand persons looked on that work of destruction, unable, if willing, to stay its progress. Having accomplished their object, the rioters, with characteristic cowardice, meanness, and brutality, assailed, during the next two days, the negroes of the city. They attacked and set fire to "the shelter for colored orphans," a charitable institution, having no connection with the Abolitionists. Bethel church was attacked and damaged; and the private dwellings of colored persons were surrounded, and their inmates threatened with violence. The conduct of the mayor and the city authorities throughout this affair was utterly inefficient, and in the highest degree discreditable. Liberty, justice, and law were sacrificed by them on the altar of prejudice against race and color.

The police committee afterward sought to screen themselves from deserved reproach, in an official report, by apologizing for the atrocities of the mob and criminating the Abolitionists as the really guilty parties. The excitement, they contended, was occasioned by the determination of the owners of the building to persevere in openly promulgating in it "doctrines repulsive to the moral sense of a large majority of our community."

That impotent report was but a poor apology for manifest neglect of public duty. Its false assumptions, reckless assertions, and evasive statements clearly demonstrated the feebleness and imbecility of the civil authority and police force of Philadelphia. The actors themselves in those scenes of arson and brutality were generally actuated by low, vulgar, and malicious hatred of the African race; while the thousands who witnessed those lawless deeds stood by inactive, and saw the incendiary torch applied to that magnificent hall, erected and consecrated to freedom of speech, were impelled by the unmanly desire to propitiate Southern favor, the sordid greed of Southern gain, and the fear of Southern offense.

FATHER HYACINTHE IN LONDON.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

On Tuesday afternoon Father Hyacinthe made his first public appearance in London. His reputation as a bold Catholic reformer, and the fact that the proceeds from his address were to benefit the distressed peasantry of France, combined to bring an enormous crowd to the doors of the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square, of which hardly one-third could gain admission. The room holds only about six hundred people. The address was announced to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon; and when I reached, a few minutes before that hour, the one door for the admission of those who had not purchased reserved seats beforehand, I found it severely invested by a determined crowd of gentlemen and ladies, and defended by perspiring policemen, who vainly vociferated that the last ticket had been long disposed of, and that a mouse could not find standing-room in the hall. Large sums were offered for admission, and refused. The crowd went sulkily away. I have, however, two articles in my creed of both implicit and explicit belief: First, that there is always room for one more; secondly, that there is no door in England which will not open at the touch of a certain small talisman, bearing the image of Her Majesty. After the crowd had gone, I again confronted the three policemen. The three-headed Cerberus was conciliated by the suitable sop, and I entered the hall just as the Père Hyacinthe rose to address his audience. It would be difficult to imagine a more singular occasion. From the vast number of French people who are wandering in London (living Heaven knows how, though sometimes dying like poor Madame Dallot de la Genevouge, in Coventry street, a few days ago—a maniac, singing and brandishing a dagger one moment, the next dead) as many were present as could scrape together the requisite 10s., or 7s. 6d., or the 5s. (for standing-room), and the place was charged with electrical Gallic patriotism. Chiefly these French people were women; for the men of that nation who abound here have been so sneered at of late for flying from the post of danger that they begin to shrink from public places. These women, with their sharp black eyes and pale faces, who daily load the newspapers, as if they were up to them from the burning fields of the South." Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld then addressed the stormy assemblage; pleading with earnest, tender, and persuasive eloquence the cause of the slave. She said she was brought up under the wing of slavery, had seen its horrors and witnessed its demoralizing influences. She had never seen "a happy slave," though she had seen him "dance in his chains." Declaring that men who held the rod over the slave ruled in the councils of the nation, she, as a Southern woman, attached to the land of her birth, appealed to the women of Philadelphia to imitate the zeal and love, faith and works of their English sisters for the deliverance of the oppressed.

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*Entered according to Act of Congress, by H. C. Bowen, in the year 1870, in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

During this great outburst Father Hyacinthe paused once; and, as if speaking to himself, said: "My poor country!" He then paused; the crowd was still. It was a moment when we who were not French almost felt as if we were intruders; we felt that in that silent minute heart was meeting heart, and the souls of the heavy-laden refugees were mingling their tears under a common grief, with which no stranger could intermeddle. The gloom of the murky London twilight had already fallen upon the company, and from the gathering darkness the sorrowful and terribly severe words had come from an almost hidden speaker, testifying to the moral degradation of France, until all words sank into those three: "My poor country!"

Just then the lights flamed out; the score of chandeliers, shaped like circular constellations, darted out their jets of flame. Where a moment before all had been gloom there now shone on wall and ceiling the brilliant frescoed forms of Graces and Muses, as if they had started from aerial spheres to hail the prophet of their darling France, as above the dreary picture of her fallen estate he drew her risen from her ashes, redeemed, transfigured.

London, December 22d, 1870.

EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATION OF VOTERS.

BY PRESIDENT STEELE, OF LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

It is obvious to every thoughtful person that there can be no security nor health to a democratic republic in the absence of intelligence and virtue. Where there are great masses of ignorant, unreflecting, and unprincipled men, subject to the representations and control of self-seeking demagogues, and under the influence of any temporary excitement, there can be little hope of wholesome and necessary popular institutions. No less trustworthy depositary of political power exists. A decent despotism is every way preferable.

It is not just now a popular thing to advocate any limitation of the elective franchise. In our haste to do away with the rank injustice which has in the past characterized our treatment of the suffrage question, and in the eagerness with which we have demanded an impartial rule on the subject, it has been possible to forget that impartiality does not mean universality. No one denies the propriety of *some* conditions. Children and idiots are rightly excluded. It would seem that those whose competency to vote intelligently and conscientiously does not exceed that of children and idiots should also be excluded.

Unquestionably every man should have the privilege and the responsibility of the ballot who will comply with such conditions as wisdom and impartial justice would ordain. Those conditions should be such as to place them within the reach of all persons of sound mind. With the facilities now furnished in almost every part of the country to acquire, at least, the common rudiments of education, the person who will not make such acquisition can have no possible reason for complaint if his civil privileges are on that account curtailed. There must be a line drawn somewhere; and the least requirement that can be safely made is that every voter be able to read the Constitution and write his own name. This, to be sure, involves but little cultivation. It is also not forgotten that many men who do not know their letters are much more intelligent than many who do. But this proves no injustice to any in the requirement. It would operate as a mighty stimulus to educate, on the part of the great masses of our people, if it were understood that some effort in the direction of mental training were a condition of political sovereignty among us. It would also cut off the elements of danger implied in a multitude of voters who, exercising none of the real rights of freemen, are now the tools of designing and evil-minded men, who use them for unpatriotic and unworthy purposes.

We do not commonly in more than the smallest degree estimate the peril to our national health from this source. From the census of 1860 we gather the following statistics bearing upon the subject. In Massachusetts there were at that time only 1,345 white native Americans over twenty years of age who could not read and write; or about ½ of 1 per cent. of that class of the population. In Vermont and New Hampshire the proportion was but little greater. In New Jersey there were 9,132; nearly 3½ per cent.—14 times as large a proportion as in Massachusetts. In Illinois there were 38,421; over 6 per cent.—24 times as large a proportion as in Massachusetts. In Indiana there were 54,130; 10 per cent.—40 times as large. In Kentucky 63,986; 16 per cent.—61 times as large a proportion as in Massachusetts. In some of the Southern States the proportion is doubtless over 25 per cent. It is to be remembered that this calculation is not of the whole population. In the Southern States it does not include those who were slaves when the census was taken, nor the free colored people, nor the foreign population anywhere; but white native Americans. We are to consider further that, although in the West a larger proportion of the foreigners can read and write than of the native-born, it is far otherwise in the East. The more ignorant and worthless masses of immigrants seem to lodge and tarry in the vicinity of the seaboard cities; while the more intelligent and enterprising push out into the West. Thus in Massachusetts, while there were less than 1,400 illiterate adult white natives, there were more than 44,000 of this class of foreigners. New York had 20,000 illiterate native adults, and nearly 90,000 adult foreigners unable to read; and nearly half of both these classes are in New York allowed (as neither of them is in Massachusetts) to vote. Then we are to take into account the considerable number of colored people in some localities of the North, many of whom are very ignorant, and the millions of men in the South just out of the degradation and barbarism of slavery; and these latter, added to the poor whites who previously had the privilege of the ballot, with scarcely more intelligence than the slave, give us an appalling amount of ignorance which must be substituted by intelligence before any safe and wholesome popular government can be said to exist among them. For it may be regarded as an established political principle that no government is really free in which a portion of the constituency must have its thinking done for it by another portion, and be directed in its civil action solely or principally by that other. A democracy that reads, reflects, and judges; that respects its individual sovereignty, and reckons itself morally responsible for its action; a democracy based upon the intelligence, virtue, and conscience of its members, is the only democracy that can by any possibility be really successful.

I do not mean to say that all illiterate men are vicious, or that all vicious men are ignorant. If this were so, the remedy might be more palpable. But it is an unhappily conspicuous fact that where great masses of ignorant men are found together not only are they prolific of the most alarming and degrading vices, but they are usually under the political control of whatever vicious intelligence there is in the community. A most flagrant illustration of this fact is on perpetual exhibition in New York City; and that, too, on a gigantic scale. Probably not many more than half of the legal voters of this great city can read, while multitudes more are nearly as ignorant as if they had never learned their letters. How few are the men who absolutely control all the elections, and how frightful is the condition of morals existing here, is too notorious to require more than a passing allusion.

There is, it is true, much to be said in favor of "manhood suffrage"; and there is, no doubt, great danger to the republic in having a vast mob of ignorant, depraved non-voters. The educating force of the ballot, too, is something to be taken into consideration. Still, the conviction to some minds is nearly irresistible that our only safety is in restricting the responsibilities and privileges of suffrage to those who will give themselves, at least, some degree of qualification for the proper use of it.

Music.

The second season of the Church Music Association opened auspiciously with a concert at Steinway Hall, on the evening of the 4th. Although the society brings forward a much stronger and better drilled chorus than we have any reason to expect from so young an organization, it would be too much to say that the performances have ever yet reached an extraordinarily high standard. The gratifying indications of public interest in its labors must, therefore, be attributed in a great measure to social and personal influences, or to some such freak of fashion as that which suddenly began to patronize the Philharmonic Society, three years ago, and raised it in a moment from penury, so to speak, to comfort. Whatever the cause, art is likely to be benefited by it, and we all rejoice at the effect. The chorus at the concert last week numbered about 250 ladies and gentlemen, and the orchestra contained 60 or 70 instruments. The singing and the playing were both good, and the chorus was especially commendable for its firmness and spirit. The programme comprised Wallace's overture to "Lurline," Haydn's third or Imperial Mass, and Weber's "Preciosa." The first, of course, is well known in New York; but the second is familiar only to those who frequent Catholic churches on great festivals; and the last is a novelty in its entire form, although Theodore Thomas has made us well acquainted with portions of it. The mass was probably the most effective of the three selections, notwithstanding that it is rather above the appreciation of a miscellaneous audience. The choral parts were admirably rendered—and it is nearly all chorus. "Preciosa" is properly the musical illustration of a drama; and it needs the stage accessories, and above all the connecting interest of the play. The different numbers, poetic and original as they all are, have a somewhat fragmentary effect in the concert-room. They were excellently performed; and the one song, given unusually well by Mrs. Kempton, was demanded a second time.

....A combination of artists have begun a partnership season of Italian opera at the Fourteenth-street (French) Theater. The opening performance was the "Trovatore," with Madame Czillag as *Leonora*, Le Franc as *Maurico*, Gazzaniga as *Azucena*, and Reyna as the *Count*. Madame Czillag has a well-worn voice; and, despite her great talents as an actress, and the memory of her past successes on the lyric stage, her reception was not encouraging. Le Franc is a famous and favorite *Maurico*, who makes amends by an occasional brilliant outburst for the huskiness which generally veils his voice. Garzaniga never was a contralto, and what remains of her voice is not heard to advantage in such parts as that of the Gypsy. Reyna was seldomer out of tune than usual; but he, too, has passed his prime. We should not omit to add that Susini is a member of the company, though he did not appear in "Trovatore"; so there we have the most complete collection of dilapidated artists ever seen together on a New York stage.

....A fashionable concert was given at Association Hall, last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Saviour. It was under the direction of Mr. Antonio Mora, and enlisted the services of Madame Garzaniga, Miss Ridgeway, Miss Mary Krebs, Signor Le Franc, and Mlle. Tedesco.

....The best musical news we have heard lately is that Theodore Thomas will give two symphony concerts at Steinway Hall, on the 27th and 28th of this month. Miss Mehlig will take part in them.

Scientific.

The results of the Yale expedition to the Rocky Mountain region, under the leadership of Prof. O. C. Marsh, have not yet been officially announced. A correspondent of the *Herald*, who appears to have enjoyed some special facilities for information, gives some hints as to what we may expect. In the Loup Fork and Niobrara River region the tertiary deposits yielded them the remains of six species of fossil horse and of two species of rhinoceros, together with other tropical animals. Further westward in Dacotah the Antelope Well was made to give up more of its treasures. It seems to have been a sink in which creatures were mired on their way to water, and is a very rich "pocket" for geologists. Here were found more horses and rhinoceroses, with creatures allied to camels, hogs, and some carnivora larger than the lion. Fifteen species of animal were uncovered within a space of ten feet in diameter and six or eight deep. The hill putian horse figures with the rest; and may, perhaps, be called Prof. Marsh's hobby-horse, as he was the first to discover the creature, a few years since. The Green River district in Utah furnished the greatest perils to the party, as well as fossils. There the grizzly bear stood to defend the burial-places of his ancient and more powerful congeners; but in vain, and rich spoils were brought away. A subsequent expedition from the neighborhood of Fort Wallace, in Kansas, was directed to the examination of cretaceous deposits; and we get obscure hints of certain sea-serpents which were there traced to their last resting-place. But there seems to be some mystery, as usual, with this interesting subject; which we hope to see dispelled by the official reports.

....Some time since it was claimed that a bridge had been discovered to span the gap between the vertebrate and invertebrate families of the animal kingdom. Prof. Kupfer has been studying the larval stages of the *ascidiæ*, the family of mollusks that are supposed to show this connecting link. They have, it is said, a tail which developes after the manner of the vertebrate embryo. It has an axis along which farrows rise to close into a tube over a spinal cord, strikingly analogous to what occurs in the egg of the vertebrate. This is a rather slight bridge for so great a chasm as that which exists between the two kingdoms. Prof. Rolleston, president of the biological section in the British Association, says that, even conceding the facts, "he fails to be convinced that they will bear the interpretation that is put upon them," and that this spinal cord may be indicative of an adaptive relation rather than of any kinship. Aside from the fact that this kinship is only to be found in a caudal appendage, and that an ephemeral one, it adds to the difficulty to remember that it occurs in a family which illustrates a retrograde metamorphosis, just as the barnacle does among crustaceans. The young ascidian rejoices in having an independent life and locomotion, for which his quasi-vertebrate tail comes in play; but at maturity he must take a backward step, and descend to a lower grade of life, becoming fixed and linked also to a chain of his fellows.

....Craniography is a very deceptive guide in ethnological studies, according to Prof. Rolleston, president of the biological section of the British Association. He says: "Works and articles on ethnology tell us of skulls being labeled, even in museums of the first order of merit, with such Janus-like tickets as 'Etruscan Tyrol *or* Inca Peruvian,' and one of the most celebrated anthropotalists of the day has been so impressed with the fact that Peruvian as well as Javanese and Ethiopian skulls may be found on living shoulders within the precincts of a single German university town that he has busied himself with forming a pseudo-typical ethnological series from the sources and area just indicated!" The Professor further shows that the face even, with all its value as an index, is a fallacious sign of race. "The living faces in a jail are as dangerous to judge from as are the skulls in a museum." He urges that human skulls admit of great variety and many aberrant forms even among civilized people, while among savages the contrasts are still greater; so that it may almost never be safe for one to plunge himself as to the nationality of a single skull, except perhaps in the case of Australian or Esquimaux. At the same time, taking many skulls together of any one set, there may be a fair scientific designation of a craniological type.

....The oyster shell bark-louse, which has been such a pest to apple trees in some localities, is said to be disappearing. Dr. Le Baron reports in the *Entomologist* the results of some researches he has made as to the causes. He thinks that birds are hardly smart enough to discover such insignificant creatures, so well-disguised. Lady-bugs once in a while make a meal of them, cutting peculiar ragged holes in the scales. *Acari*, or mites, are supposed to destroy a certain portion of the eggs; and yet eggs are destroyed where *acari* are few. But the most effective parasite in the extermination of this pest he supposes to be an insect of the *Chalcis* family. This fly bores a round hole in the scale and deposits an egg within—generally only one, but sometimes two; and of these two broods are probably raised in a year. On careful examination, Dr. Le Baron finds twice as many bark-lice are perforated by these little round holes, and, consequently, destroyed, than by all other causes combined. It stands to reason that a parasite which depends for its nidification on the body of another creature should be a more decisive enemy than any merely predacious animal, seeking food where it may chance.

....The *Journal of Science* gives a careful summary, made by Prof. A. C. Twining, of the reported facts concerning the earthquake of October, 1870. The estimates of time made by different persons in various parts of the country show naturally considerable diversity, varying most of them from 15 seconds to 60; though some said two or three minutes. The writer, after carefully sifting the most reliable data, estimates the duration at about 25 seconds, giving nine to the first shock, eleven to the second, and five to the interval between them. The rate of progress he gives as approximately 160 miles a minute, being six minutes and a half from St. Johns to Chicago. The general direction was from N. N. E. to S. S. W., and the area disturbed from New Brunswick in the East to Iowa in the West, from the Lakes and the St. Lawrence in the North to Cincinnati and Richmond in the South.

....That the corona of the sun is auroral in its character is argued at some length by Prof. W. A. Norton, in the *Journal of Science*. The streamers which radiate from it, in some cases to the distance of 1,000,000 miles, he judges to be analogous to those which shoot from the earth's atmosphere. As in the terrestrial auroras, also, they are not permanent in extent or position. "To suppose that the rays of the corona are actual radiations of luminous matter is only to suppose that a portion of the photospheric matter of the sun becomes subject to the operation of the same forces that we perceive the sun to exert upon a portion of the matter of comets." He further supposes that the substance of terrestrial auroras is furnished by a portion of this solar auroral matter reaching our atmosphere.

....Profs. Hitchcock and Huntington, with four assistants, are zealously carrying out the enterprise of making scientific observations on the summit of Mount Washington. They brave not only the rigors of severe cold, but the fury of storms and isolation from the rest of the world. They are, however, in telegraphic communication with Hanover; and daily reports are now made of the meteorological conditions. The Government signal service has detailed a skilled observer to be of the party, besides furnishing some instruments. Other parties have lent assistance, and nearly enough has been contributed for the necessary expenses; while the observers look for no remuneration for their own time and labors.

....The Kaleteur Waterfall, in Demerara, is described in *Nature* as having a clear descent of 750 feet, as indicated by barometric observation, while the width is estimated at 240 feet. The central portion forms a small horseshoe, and here the water retains its consistency for a few feet below the edge. Below that and everywhere else all semblance of water vanishes into spray or foam, with rocket-like spirts, as at the Staubach. As a whole, the fall resembles a vast avalanche of snow, enlivened by rainbows of great splendor. In the afternoon the rainbow takes the form of a loop or ring, through which the whole column precipitates itself into the dark abyss below.

....Dr. Bakewell, of the London Anthropological Society, has been studying the constitution of the blood as modified by race. At Trinidad he came in contact with individuals of many nations, besides Creoles; and his conclusions are that, aside from conditions resulting from disease, the different races show marked differences in the character of the blood corpuscles. Thus the blood of the vegetable-feeding Hindu differs from that of the flesh-feeding Mussulman in having a much larger number of white corpuscles, as also in a diverse form of the red corpuscles.

Pebbles.

Hahnemann, the founder of the Homœopathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English lord. The doctor listened patiently to the statement which the patient made to him. He then took a small vial, opened it, and held it under the lord's nose. "Smell! Well, you are cured!" The lord asked, in surprise: "How much do I owe you?" "Thousand francs," was the reply. The lord immediately pulled out a bank-note and held it under the doctor's nose. "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

....At Lynn, Mass., all comparisons are based upon shoe-leather. A cobbler, having applied for admission to an orthodox church at that place, the deacons held a consultation over the candidate. Says one deacon to another: "Well, deacon, Bob G—— wants to join our meeting." "Yes; do you know anything against him?" "Well, no. But before you take a final vote on him I'd just like to show you a job of cobbling he did for me; that's all."

....An African gentleman saw over a grocery store inscribed "Sugar-cured hams." He entered the place and asked the price. He solicited and obtained permission to smell a shank. Having done this, he abruptly turned to leave. "Don't you want any of that ham?" asked the grocer. "Well, no, boss," was the reply. "Der sign reads 'Sugar-cured ham.' Dat ar' ham is sick yet. My advice to you is to change de medicine."

....Aw!" exclaimed an English Cockney to a Western traveler in England, speaking of the law of primogeniture, "are you hentail in Amewica?" "Hentail!" said the American, looking at his interrogator with curiosity. "No sir. "We have cocktail in America, and a very popular drink it is."

....A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," replied the maker, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

....A gentleman lying on his death-bed called his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said: "Ah, Tom, I'm going a long and rugged journey—worse than ever your drove me." "Oh, dear sir," replied the fellow, "let not that discourage you; it is all down hill."

....*Punch* has the following: A Capital Answer. Self-made man, examining a school, of which he is a manager.—"Now, boy, what's the capital of 'Olland?" Boy.—"An 'H,' sir."

....The editor of a Chicago children's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber, who writes: "Our little Anna died last week, after reading the last number of your valuable paper." Parties who have more children than they can it should subscribe for that periodical.

...."A man who'd maliciously set fire to a barn," said good old Elder Poyson, "and burn up a stable full of horses and cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to be the one to do it."

....Hook and one of his friends happened to come to a bridge. "Do you know who built this bridge?" said he to Hook. "No; but if you go over, you'll be toll-ed."

....A queer humorist, who has had a hard time of it, says: "When a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion."

...."Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No; she's expensive."

Missionary News.

The facts more and more coming to light concerning Madagascar and its 5,000,000 people justify the strong statement that here is a nation being born in a day—a whole people feeling after God, if haply they may find him. At the half-yearly meeting of the London Missionary Society, just held in that city, two of its missionaries were present, and communicated facts which may be taken as types of what are going on throughout large portions of that island. One of them began his work so late as 1862, with a congregation of only thirteen. It soon increased to 600. It went on rapidly to 2,000; assembling every Sabbath on the spot where the first Christian martyr of that people was put to death. At the same time training native preachers, he has been able to gather and teach more than fifty congregations. We are glad to see that this providing an early supply of native preachers has entered so fully into the missionary plans of Madagascar. At Antananarivo, the capital, a seminary already in active operation has between 40 and 50 of the most intelligent and promising young men under instruction, fitting them to become wise and efficient pastors. And were all these in the field at work, the churches waiting pastors would not be one-tenth supplied. The religious movement is so great and general that "in very many instances the people have built places of worship and meet together on Sunday, knowing absolutely nothing of what the Gospel is, but praying: 'O God, we want to worship thee; but we do not know how.' All over the island there are such congregations, with hardly a gleam of light as to the Being whom they thus ignorantly worship." How are they to be reached? At present the burden of superintending 12 large congregations in the capital and of about 400 village churches in the district of Imerina, the preparation of a Christian literature for them, and the training of native pastors, rests upon less than ten ordained missionaries; aided, however, in the work of schools, medicine, the press, and church building by a few other Christian men and women. The press is hard at work. During the past half-year its issues of books, Bibles, lessons, etc., were over 80,000; of which 50,000 were sold, the rest being given away. Two thousand imported copies of a new and beautiful edition of the New Testament were sold at once. "Ten times the number could have been sold, and the people are eagerly waiting the further supply." Meantime, a spacious printing office, with its staff of 25 printers, is taxed to the utmost to supply elementary books for the thousands who are learning to read. Plainly, there is an awaking of native minds and a deep religious movement which is real. That there should be much hypocrisy mixed with it, through hope of pleasing the Queen and higher officials, amongst a people that have been nothing better than ignorant men and women, exceedingly servile to superiors, who think it a matter of grace to reward their enforced work with even one meal every day, is a thing to be expected. And that the capital, a distance from the greater light of the capital, should think it within their province to stimulate and even enforce religious observance like their Queen's is to be expected. But, with all these necessary subtractions, enough is left to constitute one of the most remarkable of religious movements. We could wish that the introduction of ecclesiastical strife involved in the proposed sending of a "bishop," with a full staff, from England to appropriate these results of the labors of the English Independents might be avoided. But it "must needs be that offenses come." We should not desire to be those through whom they come.

....At this moment, when Turkey is threatened with war again, and our solicitude is naturally awakened for the missionary work in progress among its different peoples, it is encouraging to see how strong and secure a position has been reached by "Robert College"—a thoroughly Christian institution, located in the suburbs of Constantinople, founded by American funds chiefly, and gratefully named for one of our eminent citizens. With Dr. Hamlin at its head, it has a corps of thirteen instructors (five American, the rest Oriental); a body of over a hundred students, more than forty others having been rejected for want of room; a full and rich course of study, including not less than eleven different languages; and, what is still more encouraging, such peculiarly successful means to cover its running expenses, salaries included. All this in seven years since its foundation, and with "buildings badly adapted to its purposes." But next May is to see its new edifice completed and opened. Built of massive stone, in handsome styles and in quadrangle, with a front of 118 feet on the Bosphorus, it stands, four stories high, the most conspicuous edifice on the finest site between Constantinople and the Black Sea. Having iron beams and arched floors of brick laid in cement, it seems fire-proof. Its cost thus far has been $80,000 in gold, and some $25,000 more will be required to finish it. But, when complete, it will furnish room for at least 250 students and the president's family. From present appearances, should the war or other political disturbances not prevent, its whole capacity will be put to use within a year of its opening. We are sure that the Christian public of our country will give Dr. Hamlin a generous response, should he then, as now seems likely, come to it for such endowments as we find it necessary to give to our own colleges.

....The friends of Christ and religious liberty just now have a combined and twofold satisfaction: First, that the Italian King and Government have at last actually gone into Rome; secondly, that in the very heart of "the Eternal City," close to the Pantheon, a place of worship has been opened where, though without formal permission from the government as yet, the Scriptures are every evening searched to "see whether these things are so." And the number of those present increases daily. Signor Lagomarsimo writes: "God has opened a door in many families where I go daily to read and explain the Scriptures." Brought into such near vicinity of the Vatican, and now visited with its official recommendation, the Italian Government will be rather stimulated to go forward with the people into greater liberty, both civil and religious, than back

the Week.

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....The King of Holland has issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Luxembourg, promising them his unvarying attachment, and reassuring them of the maintenance of the independence of the Duchy, which he points out is guaranteed by the signatures of the chief European powers.

....Last week we announced the surrender of the city of Maracaibo, Venezuela, to the insurgents under Guzman Blanco. We now learn that the navy of the country has also surrendered, and the whole republic is in Blanco's hands.

....On arriving in Rome, King Victor Emanuel sent an embassador to the Pope announcing the fact, and it is stated that the messenger was cordially received by Cardinal Antonelli.

....The home government of Jamaica has ordered that the island be fortified and placed in a state of complete preparation for war, of which there now seems to be some prospect.

....Senator Lot M. Morrill has been renominated by the legislature of Maine as U. S. senator from that state, by a vote of 105, against 35 cast for Gen. Chamberlain.

....Hon. T. W. Ferry has been elected by the legislature of Michigan to succeed Senator Howard in the U. S. Senate.

....It is now announced that Roumania has assured the Sublime Porte of her fidelity to the Treaty of 1856.

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Allison, J., Cong., inst., Dec. 22d, in Olivet church, Milwaukee, Wis.
Beal, S. L., Univ., ord., Dec. 22d, in Westminster, Mass.
Bixby, A., Cong., inst., Dec. 14th, at Frewsburg, N. Y.
Bray, William L., Cong., inst., Dec. 22d, at Marshall, Pa., la.
Crawbites, M., Bapt., ord., Dec. 8th, at Richmond, Ia.
Dean, Gardner, Bapt., ord., Dec. 22d, at Center Lisle, N. Y.
Essick, W. J., Presb., inst., Dec. 18th, at Elkhart, Ind.
Folwell, J. N., Bapt. inst., Dec. 21st, in Second church, Williamsburg, L. I.
Fowler, Clarence, Unit., inst., Dec. 27th, at Nashua, N. H.
Gaylord, W. L., Cong., inst., Dec. 22d, in First church, Meriden, Conn.
Gesner, Jacob, Bapt., inst., Dec 29th, at Mount Salem, N. J.
Goodenough, Arthur, Cong., of Roxbury, Conn., inst., Dec. 28th, in Winchester, Conn.
Graliner, Mr., Luth., inst. at Giles's, Va.
Harwood, G. G., Bapt., ord., Dec. 30th, in Biddill, Me.
Hazen, H. A., Cong., of Lyme, inst., Dec. 21st, at Pittsfield, N. H.
Holbrook, J. C., D. D., fist, Dec. 15th, at Stockton, Cal.
Ingalls, T. F., Cong., inst., Dec. 20th, at Olathe, Kansas.
McClure, S. S., Presb., inst., at Girard, Kansas.
Ormond, G. K., United Presb., inst., Dec. 27th, at Miamisburg, Pa.
Pinkerton, J. A., Presb., inst., Dec. 8th, at Chillicothe, Mo.
Shiekell, J. Luth., inst. at Salem, Va.
Stewart, J. B., Presb., inst., Dec. 15th, at Davenport, Ia.
Taggart, S. A., United Presb., inst., Dec. 28th, at Turtle Creek, Pa.
Thompson, Archibald, Reformed Presb., inst., in Potsdam and Second Lisbon, N. Y.
Turner, T. E., United Presb., ord., Dec. 27th, at Westminster, Ia.
Wells, L. D., Luth., of Saddle River, N. J., inst., Dec. 28th, at Canojoharie, N. Y.

CALLS.

Ash, George W., Presb., of Young America, IA., to Richmond, Ind.
Augbey, John H., Presb., to Newport, Pa.
Bardwell, D. McGee, Cong., to Presb. church at Whipanny, N. J.
Beach, Charles, Presb., of Snow Hill, Md., to Dornestown, Md.
Bingham, E. Byron, Cong., of Brooklyn, to First church, Rockville, Ct.
Bird, Mr., United Presb., of Natchez, Miss., to Vicksburg, Miss.
Blandford, J. H., Presb., to Hopedale, Ohio.
Blake, L. H., Cong., of Topsfield, Mass., to Gloucester, Mass.
Bliss, J. H., Cong., of Hartford Seminary, to South Hadley, Mass.
Breed, Joseph, Bapt., of Woonsocket, R. I., to Rumney, N. H.
Brooks, Mr., Presb., to Danville, Ill.
Brown, Robert M., Presb., of West Middlesex, Pa., to Rousville, Pa.
Burgess, J. K., Presb., of Juneau, Wis., to Winneconne, Wis.
Case, M., Meth., to Cong. church at Burlington, Iowa.
Chase, R. E., Epis., to Church of the Ascension, Philadelphia.
Cox, Leander S., Cong., of Brownsville, Me., to Bradford, Me.
Collins, W. W., Presb., of Tekonsha, Mich., to Parma, Mich.
Corbett, H. M., Presb., of Winfield, Ia., to Cambridge, Ill.
Curtis, Lucius, Cong., of Ripon, Wis., to Lyons, Ia.
Dearborn, D. A., Bapt., of Southwick, Mass., to Sutton, Mass.
Dickey, W. S., Presb., of Columbus, Ind., to Mattoon, Ill.
Dinsmore, J. W., Presb., to Second church, Chicago, Ill.
Eddy, Hiram, D.D., Cong., of Milwaukee, Wis., to Peoria church, Lawrence, Kan.
Evans, D. M., Cong., of Oakhill, O., to Reno, O.
Field, A. C. Cong., of Alstead, N. H., to Wilmington, Vt.
Fillmore, I. N., D.D., Presb., of New York, to Larkin-street church, San Francisco.
Frost, S. T., Bapt., of Passumpsic, Vt., to Groton, Vt.
Gardiner, H. B., Presb., of Schenectady, N. Y., to Perry, N. Y.
Gilchrist, Robert, Presb., of Princeton Seminary, to Delphos, O.
Graff, Mr., Epis., to St. Jude's church, Philadelphia.
Greenough, William, Presb., of Logansport, Ind., to Fourth church, Pittsburgh, Penn.
Haley, Frank, Cong., of Duxbury, Mass., to Candia, N. H.
Hazen, M., Cong., of Chicago Seminary, to Morrisville, Vt.
Hopkins, Abner C., Southern Presb., of Charlestown, West Va., to Farmville, Va.
Hutchison, Henry H., Cong., of Sumner, Me., to West Brooksville, Me.
Ingalls, Francis W., Cong., of Andover Seminary, to Olathe, Kan.
Johnston, George A., Presb., of Knoxville, Ill., to Carthage, Ill.
Kelsay, R. B., Bapt., of Baltimore, Md., to Tabernacle church, Albany, N. Y.
Kling, W. H., Bapt., of West Amesbury, Mass., to High-street church, Great Falls, N. H.
Lackey, J., United Presb., to Pleasant Valley, Ia.
Lane, James P., Cong., of Medford, Mass., to Bristol, R. I.
Lewis, George, Cong., of Alfred, Me., to Rochester, N. H.
Loring, Anson, Cong., of Yarmouth, Me., to Sumner, Me.
Mack, P. S., Luth., to Port Carbon, Penn.
McMahon, R. T., Presb., to Bardolph, Ill.
Morton, R. S., Presb., of Washington, Pa., to Chartiers, Pa.
Ormsby, L., Cong., to Mound City, Kansas.
Perkins, C. C., Cong., of Kidder, Mo., to Hamilton, Mo.
Potter, H. N., Presb., of Epworth, Ia., to Darlington, Pa.
Potter, H., Presb., to Mount Pleasant, Pa.
Pugh, Thomas, Cong., of Missouri, to Jalappa, Neb.
Salter, C. C., Cong., of Brookfield, Mo., to Duluth, Minn.
Smith, J. H., Presb., of Yates City, Ill., to French Grove, Ill.
Sproull, J. W., Reformed Presb., to Central church, Allegheny City, Pa.
Tompkins, Mr., United Presb., to Grand View and Harrison, Ia.
Webber, Charles H., Freewill Bapt., of New Hampton Seminary, to Saco, Me.
Welch, James, Presb., of St. Francisville, Mo., to West Point, Ia.
Wheeler, H., Luth., of Middletown, N.Y., to Albion, N. Y.
Wright, A. O., Bapt., of North Camden, O., to Mechanicsburg, O.
Young, Alexander H., Presb., to Oxford, O.

REMOVALS.

Bailey, C. T., Bapt., of Hertford, N. C.
Billiman, Ira C., Luth., of Wooster, N.Y.
Brooks, S. N., Freewill Bapt., of Vienna, Me.
Buchanan, W. H., United Presb., of Vicksburg, Miss.
Grout, Henry M., Cong., of West Springfield, Mass.
Harkey, S. L., Luth., of Chicago., Ill.
Leach, Giles, Cong., of Rye, N. H.
Shields, James M., Presb., of Bridgewater, Penn.
Stone, H. M., Cong., of Laconia, N. H.
Tenney, Thomas., Cong., of Stacyville, Ia. Infirmities of age.
Weller, S. H., Presb., of Rochelle, Ill.
White, E. J., Cong., of Plymouth church, St. Paul, Minn.

DEATHS.

Barker, J. R., 72, Bapt., of Spring Hill College, England.
Davisson, D. D., Meth., 85, of Dayton, O., Dec. 14th.
Hebard, G. D. A., Cong., of Oskaloosa, Ia., Dec. 15th.
John, Pastor, Nestorian, of Georg Tapa, Persia, Oct. 25th.
Lochlan, John M., Reformed Presb., 66, of Beaverioun, Ont., June 3d.
Miller, J. V., Presb., 55, of Allegheny Co., Pa., Nov. 26th.
Morgan, Charles, Cong., of East Troy, Wis., Dec. 25th.
Sackett, J. B., Bapt., of Clyde, O., Dec. 25th. Superintendent of Domestic Missions.
Stinchfield, R. H., Meth., of Philadelphia, Dec. 19th.

Our Young Folks.

MAMMA'S EYES.

BY KATHARINE WILLIAMS.

You never saw a more beautiful day—so bright and sunshiny, and yet so cool and comfortable, because of a soft wind that blew corstantly from the west.

Mamie and Tom thought they were very lucky to have hit upon such weather for their pic-nic. For even the grown people were tired and sick of the rainy days which had fallen to their lot that summer; and as for the poor little children, who had to be cooped up in the house—oh, dear! it was dreadful.

"Did you ever know such luck in your life, Tom?" said Mamie, as she packed into her basket a pile of sandwiches, which Hannah the cook had prepared.

"I know it," answered Tom. "Why, it's the first pleasant Saturday we have had this term. I'm mighty glad of it, though; for I should have been awfully disappointed if we couldn't have gone to Oak Hill to-day. Have you got everything in the basket?"

"Yes, I think so," said Mamie, looking all about to see if anything had been forgotten.

"Sandwiches, eggs, cake, cookies, sardines, bananas—that's all, isn't it?" asked Tom.

"Yes, and they are all packed away. The basket is ever so heavy. I'm afraid you'll break your back trying to take it out to the stage," said Mamie, attempting to lift the bountiful supply of provisions, but failing in the effort.

"Oh, fudge! I'm not quite so weak as all that. Here! give it to me, and I'll take it out, so as to have it all ready." And Tom, who was quite proud of his strength, marched off triumphantly, basket and all.

"Oh, Tom! there they are now. We are just in time. See! the stage is almost full, isn't it? Where is Mamma? let's run and bid her good-bye quick."

Mamma had not waited to be sought, though; but had come down to see the children off, and to wish them a very nice time.

"If you could only go, too!" said Mamie.

"I would like to, dear; but I hardly feel well enough to do so to-day," her mother answered, kissing her. "You must take my eyes with you."

"Oh! how can we do that?" asked Mamie, laughing.

"As I cannot take my own eyes there, you must see all you can for us both. There will be a great deal I should like to hear about, if you will take the trouble to tell me."

"Yes, indeed, we will!" said Mamie. "Thank you ever so much for our nice lunch."

"Hurry up, Mamie!" shouted Tom, from his seat by the driver. "We are waiting for you."

"Well, good-bye, good-bye!" called out Mamie; and, amid shouts of laughter and the waving of handkerchiefs, the precious load of little humanity started off.

I haven't time to tell you all about the pic-nic, as I wish I could. But one thing happened about which you must hear, for, if circumstances had turned out differently, our little people would have missed the most wonderful part of the day.

After they left the stage, they walked on some distance, until they came to a fork in the road. There the whole party stopped, uncertain which path to take. Some wanted to go one way, and some another; so it was difficult to come to a decision. At last, it was suggested that they should vote about it. A hat was passed around, and those who preferred the right-hand road dropped into it a little stick, while the advocates for the other path signified their choice by a green leaf. Upon counting up, it was found that the left road had the majority; so the baskets were again picked up, and away they went, chatting and laughing merrily.

All this time Mamie was thinking about "Mamma's eyes," and saying to herself: "What shall I see for Mamma?"

Nothing very wonderful had appeared yet, and she almost despaired of seeing anything. She was getting very hungry, and she did wish the ladies who had charge of the baskets thought it was time for lunch.

Mamie's feelings on this subject seemed to be contagious; so a table-cloth was spread out upon the grass, and covered with all sorts of good things. Bread-and-butter, cakes and fruit disappeared with marvelous rapidity, and but little remained "to tell the tale." That little was put away carefully, however, to be ready in case any one should want a second dinner.

"Now for Mamma's eyes," said Mamie to herself. Then, turning to some of the little girls near her, she asked if they would like to take a walk.

Tom, Fred Brown, Hal Wilson, and several others offered to be their escort; and, as they were very polite and gentlemanly boys, the girls were glad to count them among their number.

Tom and his friends walked faster than the girls, though they did not mean to for, while the latter stopped to pick dainty flowers by the roadside, the boys went galloping after squirrels or birds, until they were almost out of sight. They always came back to report their adventures, however, which were very interesting to listen to.

At last, when they had started off in full chase after a woodchuck, one of the girls suggested that they should sit on the grass and rest a little. While looking about to select a comfortable place in the shade, they heard the boys shouting:

"Oh, girls! girls! hurry! quick! come!"

How they ran!—as fast as the boys ever did, I assure you. Upon reaching a turn in the road, they saw their friends looking very attentively at something. "What could it be?" they asked themselves.

The only thing visible at first was the stump of a tree which had been cut down for some weeks; but a closer inspection showed this:

Two armies of those great black ants which bodies look like three bulls stuck together had evidently discerned about their boundary-lines, or some other equally important thing, and had declared war. Selecting the top of this old stump for the battle-ground, they had placed themselves opposite each other.

As they could not use guns and swords, they fought, as we should say, "hand-to-hand"; but, as they would express it, "leg-to-leg."

When two came in contact, each would stand up on end, and oh! how they would tear and bite. There was no such thing as letting go until one or the other dropped down dead or was utterly disabled. Sometimes legs would be torn off, and often they would be quite dead.

And what do you think became of the poor little things when they reached this state? Do you suppose they were left to be trampled on by the military? By no means.

Behind each army were about ten ants, who composed an ambulance corps. When one of their friends was overcome, two brave little fellows trotted out as fast as their legs could carry them, and, dragging the helpless soldier behind the ranks, laid him down to rest. A few of them died; but generally they got better, and looked as if they might be again restored to their families, quite strong and well. It does not take so long for an ant to recover from broken leg as it does for a man. Perhaps it is because they are not obliged to have a doctor.

"Oh, Tom!" said Mamie, "don't you wish Mamma were here to see this?"

"Yes; but, heighho! look at that little fellow giving it to that big one. Don't he pitch in like everything, though?" was Tom's only reply.

And so the battle waged for half an hour, and still the victory was undecided.

The children were very anxious to see the end of the trouble; but distant mutterings of thunder had been heard, and the ladies thought it best to hurry home before the rain should come.

So into the carriage every one was packed, and Mamie and Tom reached home just as the big drops began to fall.

"How lucky it was," said Tom, "that we took the left road, or we never should have seen that jolly fight!"

"Yes, indeed," answered his sister. "I wouldn't have missed seeing it for anything. I don't think it was a jolly fight, though. It made me feel dreadfully to see them tearing each other to pieces so."

"Yes, that was awful; but then it was very interesting to watch them," said Tom.

You may be sure they found plenty to tell Mamma that evening. She was very much interested to hear all about the ants; but she said, as Mamie did, that it seemed dreadful to think of them hurting each other so badly.

"It is no worse than boys do," said Tom. "There's a fight at school almost every day."

"Ants know no better; but boys do," said Mamma. "I hope my son will leave such things to creatures without reason, and will settle his quarrels by kind words and deeds."

Perhaps some of the children who read this story will think it too wonderful to be true; but I must tell you that she who writes the account saw the battle herself, many years ago.

The Sunday School.

THE Sunday-school movement in Europe was inaugurated in Paris in 1857, and in Berlin in 1853, by Mr. Albert Woodruff, of Brooklyn. At first there was not only prejudice, but persistent opposition, on the part of the Protestant ministers and others, to our American system of lay-teaching. Ladies were thought especially unfit to teach the Scriptures. The movement, however, has had wonderful success. There are now 22 Sunday-schools in Berlin, and 145 in Germany, all in successful operation, unlaterrupted even by the war. Two Sunday-school papers are well sustained, and Sunday-school hymns and tunes have been introduced. Italy has some 70 Sunday-schools and a Sunday-school paper, which has already a large circulation. For the sake of giving the work greater efficiency, the following gentlemen have associated themselves with Mr. Woodruff, under the name of the Committee on Foreign Sunday-school Work, auxiliary to the American Sunday-school Union, that society having delegated to the committee the direction of the work, and the control of all funds paid the society for this foreign movement: Albert Woodruff, Rev. H. Dyer, D.D., Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., Rev. R. Newton, Rev. H. D. Northrup, Wm. G. Morehead, Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, Elbert B. Monroe, Rev. F. V. D. Garretson, and J. Bennet Tyler.

....The *Sunday-school Times* gives a description of a remarkable Sunday-school banner, made by an old lady, the superintendent's wife, whose home is a long distance from a store or post-office and beyond the preaching of the Gospel. The banner, made of an old pillow-case, is about 3 by 4 feet in size; and the frame was split from a cedar rail, and dressed and made by the old lady herself. Then she gathered flowers, mosses, and evergreens, which she pressed upon the cloth in the form of a wreath, using the white of an egg for paste and varnish. Gilt paper served for a border, and letters cut from old newspapers formed the mottoes:

"Exalt Wisdom,
and
She shall Promote You."

"Give Your Heart to Your Creator,
and
Your Alms to the Poor."

The name of the school is spelled in the same way, and in the center is a picture,

"Christ the Consolator."

The banner is also ornamented with fine evergreens, and the frame is nearly as smooth as a frame-maker would have made it.

....At a meeting of the first Congregational church in Stoughton, Mass., held at the close of communion service, it was almost unanimously voted to substitute the Bible service for the usual afternoon preaching service. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Wilson, was chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school, and is to be assisted by an able layman of the society. The movement bids fair to be very successful.

....Near Portland, Maine, there is a small Welsh community, where a year or two ago a church was organized which now has 70 members. Their Sunday-school numbers more than 100, and is attended by young and old. Gray-haired men and mothers, with their babes, are among the pupils. Both the Welsh and English versions of the Bible are used.

....We are sorry to learn that Ralph Wells, who has so long and faithfully superintended the Grace Mission Sunday-school, has resigned the position. Mr. Wells is in some regards one of the most remarkable superintendents in the United States, and Grace Mission will forever carry the stamp of his very peculiar genius.

....The Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull predicts that the time will come when the Sunday-school superintendent shall be a graduate of a Sunday-school Normal Institute, be formally set apart to his work, and in some cases receive a salary of $5,000.

.... Stockport, England, according to its report for 1869, has the largest Sunday-school in the world. There are 9,150 pupils and 436 teachers.

....It is rather a startling fact that there are more than 1,000,000 children attending our day-schools who are not in the Sunday-schools.

....In the District of Columbia there are 100 colored Sunday-schools, with 2,864 pupils, 236 teachers, and 65 superintendents.

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The following important letters will show to our hundreds of thousands of readers what is thought of this remarkable engraving:
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM CABINET OFFICERS.
From Secretary Seward.
WASHINGTON, 25 May, 1866.
I beg you to accept my thanks for the fine engraving you have sent me of Mr. Carpenter's picture, "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."
It is a vivid presentation of the scene, with portraits of rare fidelity to nature.
The engraver has been singularly successful in copying it, without imitating or detracting from its excellence in these points.
Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
From Chief-Justice Chase (late Secretary of the Treasury).
WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1866.
I have just received the engraving of your "Emancipation Proclamation Picture." I do not see that improvement is possible.
Accept my congratulations on your complete success.
As always, your friend,
F. B. CARPENTER, Esq. S. P. CHASE.
From Secretary Stanton.
WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 22, 1866. }
Accept my thanks for the artist proof of your admirable painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."
The work is, in every respect that I am capable of judging, entirely satisfactory, and worthy of national admiration, as a fitting commemoration of Mr. Lincoln's great deed.
Yours, truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.
From Secretary Welles.
NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 5th, 1865. }
The Engraving, I am happy to see, is amply commended. Some parts are excellent, and all well done.
Some feeling of sadness when I saw it came over me for the great and good men who so interested himself for you, and whom we all love.
Very truly yours,
GIDEON WELLES.
From Secretary McCulloch.
TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 31, 1865.
The Engraving is a very elegant one. I have no doubt the picture will be generally approved and greatly admired.
I am, very truly yours,
HUGH McCULLOCH.
From Hon. Edward Bates, late Attorney-General of the United States.
The individual portraits are very lifelike. Indeed, I have never seen a group of seven or eight figures all of which so truly presented the originals.
The execution seems to me excellent, and, without any opinion of mine, my dear sir, your work is *a work of renown.*
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWARD BATES.
From Postmaster-General Dennison.
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1866.
It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the admirable engraving from your noble painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," by our late lamented President.
The approving judgment of the country of the merit of the picture, and the business of its association with Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," as a great national possession, will, I hope, be duly recommended, cannot fail to commend the engraving to every truly patriotic American citizen.
Truly yours, W. DENNISON.
From Secretary Horton.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1866. }
I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Ritchie's Engraving from your beautiful painting of
Trusting, my dear sir, that you may live long to enjoy the fruits of your eminent talent, I am truly yours,
JAMES HARLAN.
From Attorney-General Speed.
ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866. }
In your great picture you have succeeded in bringing out and making the faces show their thoughts. You have not sunk the natural in the heroic, a fault so common that it would be hard for an artist to avoid it. The naturalness of the picture makes it with me one of the grandest and most beautiful achievements of art that I have ever seen.
The engraving is admirably executed.
Truly yours, JAMES SPEED.
From Senator Fessenden, late Secretary of the Treasury.
WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.
I have received the Engraving from your picture, entitled "First Reading," &c. It is admirably done, both in points of finish and faithfulness, and I prize it highly.
Yours, truly, W. P. FESSENDEN.
From Assistant-Secretary Seward.
WASHINGTON, May 19, 1866.
GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my thanks for your admirable engraving of Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."
The fidelity of its portraits enhances the historical interest derived from the subject of the picture.
It is as gratifying to Mr. Carpenter to find his great work so accurately and beautifully reproduced as it is gratifying to the public to see it in such a popular form to be seen and appreciated everywhere throughout the world. Yours, truly,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
From George E. Baker, Editor of Seward's Works, and Agent of the State Department.
WASHINGTON, April 29, 1866.
I never did see love and care so depicted as I do Carpenter's, as executed by Ritchie. How it grows on me! Everybody who knows anything of art or of the subject is as enthusiastic as I am over the picture. And I observe that the more cultivated the observers are the more they admire it. The Secretary of State and his family are among those who are so pleased in their praise of it as a perfect work of art. Sincerely yours,
GEO. E. BAKER.
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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, January 12th, 1871.

YALE'S OPPORTUNITY.

YALE and Harvard are national institutions. They are not provincial, though both are in one small province of the country; they have a national fame, such as is possessed neither by Dartmouth, nor Amherst, nor Princeton, nor Ann Arbor, nor the younger but no less ambitious Cornell. Some of these may by and by outstrip their older competitors; but as yet Yale and Harvard are elder brothers, twin brothers, with scarce a scarlet thread to tell which first saw the light. Each would like to be the Berlin in our Germany of scholarship; but each in friendly rivalry is compelled to be, like the Oxford and Cambridge of England, the spur to the other's ambition.

Yale is to choose a new president. When President Dwight died, in 1817, the trustees met in the parlor of the venerable Dr. Marsh, in Wethersfield, overwhelmed with despondency at the hopelessness of finding a man who could fill the place of the greatest educator of the day. One after another spoke his despair, and expressed the fear that the college must decline, now that its father and head was gone. At last, Dr. Marsh, a man of a remarkably cheerful temperament, thought it time to speak in a different vein. He told them that in his long observation he had never known a man of signal usefulness removed till God had raised up another to fill his place. He thought their best course was to find a successor, and do the best they could to keep up the college. After some time, they elected President Day, and the institution made wonderful progress under his direction. Under his successor, President Woolsey, it has advanced with even greater strides. It has gained such a momentum that, were no president to be elected, were one of the professors, as is now the case at Michigan University, to preside at faculty meetings, or were the professors to take turns in doing presidential duty, the college would still continue to grow, to receive donations and bequests, and to enlarge its capabilities for usefulness.

But it would not advance as it ought. It needs a steersman, as well as a stout crew of rowers—one who shall see every rock and shallow in its course, and shall make every eddy, tide, or current aid its progress.

The later precedents are in favor of the election of one of the faculty. It is eminently safe to elect a professor. He is already tried as an instructor of youth. He has grown up in the place, and has adapted himself to it. His fellow instructors know him; and, if they recommend him, as Professors Silliman, Kingsley, and Goodrich recommended their colleague, Professor Day, to the astonished trustees, they will work kindly with him, and the younger teachers will be pleased to see the tradition kept up which will at another election open the succession to them. It is a very pleasant family arrangement, and risks no blunders.

That Yale shall continue in her path of progress we regard as a matter of national importance. But we would not only have her continue in it—we would have her run in it. Times are changing; scholarship is broadening; education is developing in new directions; and it would be a calamity to the country if any man of narrow culture—and the more eminent and commanding within those limits the worse—should be elected to Yale's presidency. Let us reckon up the qualities which that executive chair demands.

It demands, in scholarship, a sympathy with the existing system of classical culture. That system, as a whole, cannot and must not be overthrown. We do not need to discuss the matter here. Other colleges, or ambitious would-be universities, may experiment on new systems of education, which shall hope to evolve mental discipline out of the quantitative analysis of guano, rather than out of the analytics of geometry or logic. They may teach English composition by easy lessons in Ollendorf's French Grammar, rather than by the intricacies of Greek paradigms and Latin subjunctives; but Yale believes in the old liberal education, and her new president must be a champion of it.

Such a man it is easy to find. But Yale wants no mere classicist. She wants a man who shall be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of modern science—one who believes in facts, and is willing to follow their developments to the extremest verge of their teachings. We know of institutions, yes, of theological seminaries, where science is ignored, and sneered at, and shut out of sight like a mere Jack-in-the-box. Yale must not be cowardly. Her president must be glad to have the truth developed, even though it threatens to cut athwart every cherished faith. He must worship truth, truth in science as well as in history or religion; and must feel no latent jealousy at any possible developments in zoology or geology. If it is a current question whether man is an improved ape, he must be able to hear the question discussed and argued with absolute impartiality. If some experimenter holds a thermometer to the head, and seems to find that a thought in the brain is correlated with a certain amount of heat, he must not shrink at the suspicion of materialism. He must love the New Education. He must see the tendency of it. He must make the best and most of it.

Yale's president must have the qualities of a statesman and a general. He will have a large army of officers and privates to command. He must have their personal respect. Yale needs money. Its professors are many of them shabbily paid. It is a disgrace that, especially in the scientific and medical departments, men whose reputation and ability are unsurpassed are laboring for a pittance which compels them to eke out their support by outside work. A president is needed who has the confidence of the general public, and who will give a stimulus to the task of endowment—one who has the energy and the skill ever to be devising new things for the perfection of all the departments of instruction, for the enlargement of the cabinets, and for the development of a true university system, so extensive and complete that no student of Yale shall need to go to Berlin to study Oriental literature, nor to Paris to study medicine, nor hardly to Rome to study art.

Yale's president needs to have a considerable sympathy with the complaints of "Young Yale." It does not please "Young Yale," and we do not wonder, to see Harvard this year entering the larger freshman class. It does not please "Young Yale" to see Harvard kept constantly before the public, and her plans, and changes, and elective studies, and lecture courses talked about in the papers, while "Old Yale" modestly holds her tongue. It sometimes disgusts "Young Yale" to see fledgling universities flapping their downy wings before the public, shrewdly manipulating the public press, and publishing their big classes, obtained by lumping together the freshmen or sophomores of three or four separate departments, while Yale stands on her dignity and holds her peace. They are right. Yale ought to be talked about. She should keep herself before the public.

The president—we may as well say it—must not be, but will be, a Congregational clergyman. Not that the cleric gown is essential to an educator, nor that only a Congregationalist can love at once the Humanities and the Sciences. But Yale had a Congregational birth, and has grown to its present strength mainly under Congregational management and patronage. It has been broader than any denomination, and has been made the tool of none, partly because Congregationalism is an educating and unsectarian sect, and partly because, by natural development, even a denominational college is always broader than the sect it represents. The clerical profession is the educating profession. Teaching and preaching, like beauty and duty, rhyme in sense as well as sound, despite all sneers against "Rev. Mr. Pickering of Squashville." At any rate, Congregational clergymen are strong on the board of trustees, and they remember well the success that has followed their control thus far.

We believe such a man can be found, perhaps following later precedents, within the number of the faculty; certainly, by following earlier precedents, outside of it. We know of but one such man, and that is Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle. His success as pastor, his personal influence in this great city, his eminence for rich and varied scholarship, his ability and fluency as a writer and speaker, his remarkable executive ability (an indispensable qualification), and his adaptability to any sphere where genius, industry, sound judgment, and Christian principle can develop themselves, give ample assurance of success in that or any other elevated sphere. He seems designed for the position. One of Yale's own salutatorians, by choice a cloistered student, though one of our ablest public speakers, an authority in matters of Oriental history and literature, and yet an adept in the most modern sciences, reverent, broad, and liberal, he would develop the course of study more evenly than any man we know. With him it would be a passion that no other institution should grow like Yale in its endowment and in every department of instruction, or have such prominence and favor with the public. Much more than what he has done for Broadway Tabernacle, under every disadvantage, would he do for Yale, under every advantage. The trustees may elect one of their professors, and he would doubtless do well; but no other man that we know of could give the college the same *éclat* the world over as Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, LL.D.

POSTHUMOUS LEVEES.

IF must be a pleasant thing to be a king, we suppose, or so many men would not risk their bodies and souls to be made one; but, like all other pleasant things, kingship must have its drawbacks. One of the chief of these we should imagine to be the necessity of holding courts, and having to stand up and be bowed to by an endless file of courtiers. But then the best bred of monarchs might, at least, hope to be rid of this particular annoyance after they slept with their fathers, and the ponderous and marble jaws of the tomb had closed over them. But rest is not always granted them even in the grave. Not long since the great Emperor Charles V was compelled to hold a court some three hundred and twelve years after his death, and receive the diplomatic corps now at Madrid and a select party of ministers and invited guests. As part of the entertainments offered to this distinguished party, on a visit to the neighboring palace, the coffin of the foremost man in all the world of the sixteenth century was opened, and his uncomely relics exposed to gaze, which we must consider as vulgar, however highborn or bred. We spare our readers the particulars. Charles was one of the ugliest men of his time, according to Motley's well-supported description; and death and decay had not made him a lovely object after the lapse of three centuries. We should think the "fine punch" which crowned the occasion might have come within the strictest construction of the temperance pledge as medicinal and stomachic. We do not know whether this delectable spectacle is one of the usual sights of Spain; but it was once before exhibited—some ninety years ago, in the good old days of the Bourbon dynasty, and before it dreamt of Bonaparte or Amadeus. Cyrus Redding, we think it was, was talking with Beckford, the once famous author of Vathek, "England's wealthiest son," as Childe Harold describes him, about Charles V, when to his amazement, Beckford spoke of having seen him, and thus able to speak with authority. Now Mr. Beckford was a very old man at the time; but Mr. Redding could hardly believe that he was more than three hundred years old, and naturally thought his old friend's mind had given way. But it was no such thing. For some reason or other, the Court of Spain had conceived the idea that young Beckford, who was the son of Wilkes's famous Lord Mayor, was a person of political importance, and paid him all possible attention. Having expressed a wish to see Charles V, the necessary orders were issued, and he was indulged in the grateful sight. But in any case such an exhibition is as contrary to good morals as it is disgusting, and argues a low state of morality and of taste in the parties craving or permitting it.

England's Charles I, indeed, received a posthumous visitation; but it had the excuse of settling the historical fact of the place of his interment. Through the haste and confusion with which his followers had conducted his private funeral, they had entirely forgotten, such of them as survived after the Restoration, in what part of St. George's Chapel at Windsor they had laid him. And so it remained in doubt for about a hundred and sixty-four years. In 1813, on the occasion of providing a place of sepulture for some German relation of the royal family, it was noticed that the wall of the vault of Henry VIII had been pulled down and hastily replaced. This suggested the idea that the body of Charles I might have been hurriedly placed there. The Prince Regent appointed a commission, of which Sir Henry Halford was the head, to make the investigation, and accompanied it himself. And there they found, by the side of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, a coffin with C. R. on the lid, which contained the authentic remains of the decapitated king. His head was lifted up, and a sketch made of it, the engraving of which may be seen in Sir Henry's report of the transaction, which showed the very countenance which Vandyke has made familiar to all time. The nose was gone; but the shape of the face, the cut of the beard, the color of the hair—all put the identity beyond question. It was the proof of the lesson which old Lord Auchinleck, Boswell's father, told Dr. Johnson his execution had given to kings. "What good did his execution do?" growled the Tory Doctor. "Egad," responded the Whig judge of Session, "it taught kings that they have a lith [joint] in their necks!" It was this scene which gave occasion to as bitter a lampoon as perhaps was ever written. It was suppressed at the time, and is not in many of the editions of Byron's works. It runs thus:

> "Scarce worth an epitaph by Tate or Quarles,
> Here heardless Henry lies by headless Charles:
> Beside them stands another sceptered thing,
> In pomp, in power, in all but name, a king:
> Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
> In him the double tyrant starts to life,
> And shows a Tudor who no faith defends:
> A Stuart faithless both to foes and friends!
> What then can tombs avail, since these disgorge
> The blood and filth of both to mould a George."

Only it was so severe as to miss its mark, and would make George IV of more importance than he really was. He was a selfish voluptuary; but he was not cruel, nor yet a tyrant. He hated painful emotions too much for the first, and was too indolent and pleasure-loving for the last.

But of all the dealings with kings and princes who had gone to their account those of the National Convention of France, in 1793, was the most thorough. The infamous Barrère moved that all the tombs and mausoleums erected to the kings of France in the Church of St. Denis should be destroyed. This was amended by appointing a commission to preserve the objects of art contained in the tombs. But all the inhabitants thereof were haled out, and thrown into a ditch, and covered with quicklime, so that no relic of them should remain. Henry IV was the first king exhumed, and in extraordinary preservation. But his traditional popularity could not save him from the insults of the populace and the *fosse commune*. The *procès verbal* or report of the commission is of a strange and ghastly interest. It is the history of France, marked by the graves of her kings for monuments. And, considering what wretches many of them were, it is not without a certain kind of satisfaction that one reads of the ignominious disposition of the bodies that had been so pampered and so idolized. What would Louis IV have said could he have foreseen that his body, well preserved, but black as ink—*noir comme de l'encre*—would be dragged out of his tomb and thrown into a ditch! Then there was Charles IX, with the blood of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew on his hands; and Henry III, of infamous memory; and Catherine di Medici; and Louis XV; and the little King John II, who lived and reigned but eight days; and Henrietta Maria, of England; and her daughter, the poisoned Duchess of Orleans, made immortal by Bossuet—they all went together in one indiscriminate mass of mortality into the ditch! The feeling or the taste that prompted this posthumous vengeance is not to be defended on high moral grounds. But no one familiar with the long record of the villainies of the French kings can marvel at or much condemn this explosion of long pent-up hatred.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

A BOY is an animal in process of development into a man. He is a condensed example of Darwinism; and the most that can be done in education is to guide this development—unless, indeed, we intend him to grow up by natural selection into the sort of a man that a "concatenation of fortuitous circumstances" may make. In every healthy boy the war goes on between the animal and the man, and the chances are in many cases very greatly in favor of the animal. Some men never come to be men, but go about all their lives melancholy cases of arrested development. The main use of parentage and guardianship is the helping of a human soul in this struggle to free itself and rise into manhood.

In no respect is this duty so much neglected as in the selection of books for boys. In truth, juvenile literature has until lately been regarded as without the pale of literary criticism. About all the public knew was that boys and girls liked stories; and so stories must be bought for them, on the same principle that tops and balls were gotten for them. And the money-making Bohemians soon found that there were richer placers for them than building trapdoors for Claude Duval and his horse to sink through, better leads than writing murderous sensations for the "penny dreadfuls." They could write books for boys. Here was a new public, greedy, thoughtless, uncritical, and passionately fond of excitement. And so they carried over their old arts and wrote in series. Give a boy a taste of one of these books of the "Do and Dare" or the "Steam Engine" series, and he will beg, borrow, or steal money to get the rest. Fortunes have been realized out of such books by writers with no gift but fluency and a clumsy sort of inventiveness. Of course, parents in their innocence knew nothing of the character of these works, except that the boys voted them "just splendid," and the religious papers testified that "the young folks read them with avidity."

There is nothing a boy likes to dream about so much as the accomplishment of impossible things; and there is nothing much more injurious to his mental habits than this castle-building. But just this side of the boy-nature it is that the "Splash and Dash" books work. Boys navigate a yacht; or they own a brief railroad, all complete, and run it themselves; or, if it is not Optic, but Mayne Reid, who writes, they float for days on impossible logs in impossible forests, with impossible escapes from impossible dangers. The effect of all this it is not hard to see. School soon becomes a prison to the boy whose animal instincts are thus stimulated. Ordinary work is to him like the drudgery of the galleys; and he either runs away in search of the land in which the hero of the red-backed book lived, or he becomes a loafer, dreaming of what might have happened.

These books are made with the greatest ease. Let a writer once get his machine going, and he will run off sets of half-a-dozen each about as fast as printer and bookbinder can do them up into flashy red-cloth volumes. For a cruel guardian in one can be changed into a stepmother in the next; and then, with a slight change of scene and names, the story can be told over to the hundred thousand boys who stand with open mouths ready to swallow, without waiting to taste critically. In one book there is an army lieutenant, in the next it is a midshipman; but he is the same Wonderful Boy, under another name. The Brazilian forest of one book is transformed, by a dissolving-view arrangement, into a northern prairie in the next.

The arts by which the fond mamma or the watchful "governor" are beguiled into liking this trash are many and admirable. Given a drunken father and a beggared family for the foundation of the adventures of the Wonderful Boy, and you have a temperance story. And a temperance story is very desirable. And the materials for horror in a temperance story are so easy to find. The mother thinks she is teaching her lad temperance, and forgets that this weak literature is enervating his mental faculties and cultivating a love of false excitement, almost sure to lead to dissipations of the worst sort in the end.

But there is another capital dodge known to this craft. Three parts religion to ninety-seven parts swash makes a first-rate Sunday-school book, and you can put the imprint of a religious society or a pious publisher on it, and feel that you have done everything according to the Law and the Profits. For there are fifty or a hundred thousand circulating libraries in Sunday-schools, with a reading membership of several millions, and the writers of the "Splash and Dash" series could not lose so good a trade. It must not be too religious, for that would spoil it for the audience. But it can have enough to satisfy the committee, if they should chance to read. And so the flood has risen into home and Sunday-school, until good literature for boys is well nigh drowned.

From all this weak and watery stuff what a relief a genuine book of adventure like Robinson Crusoe is! How we like to read old "Sandford and Merton," or new "Schooldays at Rugby," and feel that there are some true books, that not only treat a boy's animal life with sympathy, but lend him genuine help in the battle for manhood

UNCIVILIZED CIVILIZERS.

OURS is not a modest profession. Journalism is, according to the journalists, the lever that moves the world with or without a fulcrum. It has superseded the ministry, excelled the common schools, and made the college professorships all but obsolete. Steam is to civilize the world, not in a locomotive-boiler, but back of a cylinder-press. In fact, we humble individuals, who diffidently hide our personalities behind a thin sheet of paper, are a little inclined to claim a monopoly of the work of civilizing this barbarous earth. But one is forcibly reminded of the embarrassing question of Coleridge:

> "The River Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash your city of Cologne.
> But, tell me, nymphs! what power divine
> Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?"

For, indeed, if the papers are to civilize the world, who shall civilize the civilizers? And not because, as in the case of the Rhine, they have grown dirty in doing their work; but because they are too dirty to begin it.

Civility is not civilization, though the words grow from the same root. But civility always precedes civilization. It is a John the Baptist that makes the rough places plain and opens the way for that which comes after. It would seem that many of our journals have not yet reached the first stage—that of outward decency of manner. One might think that the books of rhetoric bore the imprint of Billingsgate, for more than O'Connell's mastery of epithets is a necessary qualification for journalism in some quarters. Villain, sneak thief, and blackguard may be effective words in a low quarrel; but journals that use this portion of the vocabulary are rather subjects for missionary labor than evangelists of civilization. We do not object to the truthful denunciation of rascality. The very thing which a journalist, of all men, should know how to do is to tell the truth about an indecent matter without violating decency himself. It is the sharp sword that cuts clean. Any bungler can fight with bludgeons.

Doubtless the worst feature of it all is the one that reminds of the melancholy Celt who lamented to his wife that Patrick O'Flannigan had called him a thief; and who, in response to her wifely "Niver ye mind what he says, the spalpeen!" responded: "Och! but the worst was he proved it on me!" Doubtless the worst of it all is that during the past week one of the most widely-circulated papers of the metropolis has been proven to be utterly venal. If we may believe testimony that can hardly be questioned, is political advocacy has been bought as easily as the services of a Tombs shyster, and its power has been used to levy blackmail without mercy or remorse. If the world waits for journalism to civilize it, the delay may be dangerous. Civilization is a "double-acting" process; and it might be well for the world to turn the matter about awhile, and civilize the journals.

NATIONAL DUELS AND THEIR REMEDY.

MR. SUMNER was quite right when, in his Boston lecture on the Franco-Prussian War, he declared war to be a duel between nations, more terrible than private duels, because it involves larger numbers in the conflict, and produces vastly greater evils. It arrays two or more nations against each other for the purposes of mutual destruction. While it sets aside all the common rules of morality, and embodies in its means the direst forms of violence, it settles nothing except the mere question of brute force. The nation that can fight best wins the victory; and the same is true as between two pugilists who pound each other in a ring, or two duelists who stand up and shoot at each other on a question of honor. If war has its code which the public sentiment of civilized nations enforces, so also private duels and the pugilistic art have their codes of fair fighting. There is no essential difference between the two in either the principles involved or the means employed. The only difference is one of degree; and this surely forms an overwhelming argument against war as a method of settling disputes among nations.

It is a singular fact that, while modern civilization, borrowing its best inspirations from the benign principles of Christianity, has to a large extent superseded the ancient barbarous custom of individual combat, and substituted therefor the peaceful processes of redress by law, nations as such still defy this influence, and keep up the practice of resorting to the sword. They rush into the conflict of arms about as readily as they did a thousand years ago. Even those nations most enlightened, and most advanced in all the arts and refinements of life, conduct their intercourse with each other with an implied menace of war, if either party shall be dissatisfied. They make their demands, and negotiate their treaties, with the mutual understanding that they are fully prepared to fight at their own option. The nations of Europe, even in time of peace, have about four millions of men in their standing armies, taken from the productive industries of life, and requiring an annual tax of more than a billion of dollars to support them. They look at each other with pistol in hand, and upon the slightest provocation, and often with no provocation, march their armies into the field to try the question of skill and strength in killing men. Europe has thus been kept in the state of chronic war for centuries, fighting a part of the time, and always prepared to resume the fight even in the condition of apparent peace. This is one of the blessings of having crowned heads to honor and support. The emperors, kings, and cabinets of Europe are responsible to God and the public sentiment of the world for this attitude of barbarous belligerency, so long maintained and so frequently resulting in actual hostilities.

The great struggle now going on between Prussia and France, so exhaustive and so terrible to both nations, and withal so utterly unjustifiable in its causes, led Mr. Sumner to inquire, as it has others, whether there be no remedy for these national duels? Is there no way to prevent them? Is there no other method by which nations, whether republics or monarchies, can be persuaded to settle their differences? Must each be the final judge in its own case, and determine every unsettled international dispute by the barbarous trial of strength? Humanity, civilization, and Christianity have long since answered these questions by suggesting a court of arbitration among nations, in which different nations shall be represented, and to which shall be referred for final decision all disputes that may arise among them. Such a court would be occupied only with international questions; and, if sustained by the public sentiment of those that are parties to it, national duels would either become entirely obsolete, or greatly decrease in number, and in either case the interests of humanity would be largely the gainer. The appeal would then be made to reason and conscience and public justice, and not to brute strength. The tendency of such a court, even if it did not wholly prevent war, would be to lessen its frequency, and largely dispense with the necessity for standing armies.

The common objection, that this is a good but impracticable idea, because nations will not consent to its adoption, is a terrible indictment against their public character. Their refusal to adopt the idea would be a confession of their barbarism. We believe in the possibility of so educating the general conscience of the civilized world that it will demand a court of arbitration for the settlement of international disputes; and, if it should take a century to accomplish the result, the end would abundantly compensate for all the labor. The idea is practicable; and, as we believe, will ultimately so far prevail as to become a great pacificator among nations. It must prevail at last, or Christian civilization and biblical prophecy will prove a failure.

If, under the progressive influence of increasing light, the barbarism of private combats, as a means of redress, has given place to the peaceful forms of judicial trial, why may not the more awful barbarism of national duels be compelled to yield to the same influence? We believe in the final triumph of moral power, especially in its Christian form, however tardy may be the steps to victory; and, if this power has already reduced the number of wars, and mitigated their severity, by changing the sentiments of Christian nations, it may go still further, and at length inaugurate the period when these nations shall substitute arbitration for fighting in the adjustment of all the questions that arise between them, and which they cannot themselves adjust. Let the pulpit and the press of Christendom plant themselves broadly and squarely upon this ground, and kings and cabinets will be compelled to respect the utterance. The day would not be far distant when nations would by express treaty stipulation provide for a reference of all their international disputes to a court of arbitration, as a permanent substitute for war.

Editorial Notes.

A CURIOUS but we can scarcely hope unfounded paragraph is published by our China contemporary, the Shanghai *News Letter*, the organ of American residents in that country. It states that dispatches have been received by the British *charge d'affaires*, and communicated by him, through the consuls under his jurisdiction, to the missionaries claiming their protection, to the effect that the operations of English missionary societies must henceforth be confined to the "Treaty ports." In other words, they must retire from all their most flourishing stations. Those in the villages, where their best converts are organized, must give up the work of the need of justice. Upon them three hundred and sixty millions of China to the Buddhist priests or the Romanish missioners, and be content to work the hardest field, and gather doubtful converts from the "compradores," "boys," and servants, who are brought into close and often injurious contact with foreigners. Of course, English missionaries will never think of giving up the field. They will not retreat a single step, except as driven away by force; but it will be a great inconvenience to lose the *prestige* of foreign protection. The British foreign office has been hostile to the missions in China ever since the late Lord Clarendon attacked them two years ago on the matter of the Inland Mission difficulty, which he ruthlessly referred to the London missionaries; though the foreign residents all seem to take the part of the missionaries, insisting that they shall have their treaty rights. Private information leads us to believe that the *News Letter* has not exaggerated the terms of the present notification; and it may be well to review the terms of the treaties under which the missionaries have labored. All foreign nations having treaties with China enjoy certain privileges under what is termed the "favored nation clause" in their respective treaties. This provides that, "if any right, privilege, or favor, connected "with either navigation, commerce, political, or other intercourse," be granted to any other nation, it shall, whether provided for or not in the treaty to which this clause is affixed, freely enure to the subjects or citizens affected thereby. (Am. Treaty, Art. xxx.) The American Treaty contains a stipulation that any person, "whether citizen of the United States or Chinese convert, who shall, according to these tenets, peaceably teach and practice the principles of Christianity, shall in no case be interfered with or molested." The guaranty is, however, rendered more ample by clauses in the British Treaty, agreeing that "persons teaching or professing the Christian religion shall alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities"; that "British subjects are authorized to travel for pleasure or purposes of trade in all parts of the interior"; and that, if "desiring, *whether at the ports or other places*, to build or open houses, warehouses, churches, hospitals, or burial-grounds, they shall make their agreements for the land or buildings they require equitably." (Arts. viii, ix, xii.) If anything were wanting to render the agreements thus entered into more binding, it would be found in the fact that French missionaries have preached, taught, and opened chapels in the interior, and, until the late riot at Tient-sin, have received the fullest countenance and protection from the Chinese authorities. Despite these facts, familiar to every one interested in the welfare of our Asiatic missions, the British Government has seen fit to withdraw from its countrymen the power of demanding a privilege still granted to Roman Catholic missionaries, and one as yet availed of by Protestants, without prejudice to either preacher or convert. We cannot believe that our own government will follow Earl Granville's example. While we would not have Christianity protected by gunboats, we do insist on the treaty rights of any Chinaman to preach the religion of Confucius in every village in Iowa; and of any American to preach the religion of Jesus in every hamlet of Sz-Chuen. But we do not allow the Emperor Tung-Che to protect Confucianist converts in America; nor will we ask President Grant to protect the converts which our missionaries make in China. The state knows its citizens, and insists on their treaty rights everywhere. It claims no interference with foreign subjects.

....At last we have in full the correspondence between Secretary Fish and Mr. Motley and Mr. Moran, in reference to the recall of Mr. Motley from the mission to England. The substance of it is this: Mr. Motley denies that he exceeded the letter of his instructions, or that he followed the ideas of the Memoir which he had prepared on the matter of the "Alabama Claims," rather than the orders which he received from Washington. Secretary Fish, on the other hand, charges him with having, in his personal interviews with the Earl Clarendon, kept in view his own private opinions, and with speaking in such a way as to misrepresent the peaceful intentions of the President. It was the desire of President Grant that Mr. Motley should not insist on the recognition of a state of belligerency by the British Government as in itself a hostile act, but that he should rather base all American claims for indemnification on the subsequent failures of that government to enforce its own neutrality laws. This view Mr. Motley is charged with not presenting fully. There is one part of Secretary Fish's letter which is exceedingly gratifying. It is his emphatic denial that Senator Sumner's course in reference to San Domingo had the least influence in procuring the recall of his friend, Mr. Motley. It was the death of Lord Clarendon which determined the time of his recall. Mr. Fish says:

> "There can be no question as to the identity of the eminent senator at whose door Mr. Motley is willing to suspend the cause of his removal; but he is entirely mistaken in seeking a vicarious cause of his loss in confidence and favor, and it is unworthy of Mr. Motley's real merit and ability, and an injustice to the venerable senator alluded to, to whose influence and urgency Mr. Motley was originally indebted for his nomination, to attribute to him any share in the cause of his removal. Mr. Motley must know (or, if he does not know it, he stands alone in his ignorance of the fact) that many senators opposed the San Domingo treaty openly, generously, and with as much efficiency as did the distinguished senator to whom he refers, and have nevertheless continued to enjoy the undiminished confidence and friendship of the President, than whom no man living is more tolerant of honest and manly differences of opinion, is more single or sincere in his desire for the public welfare, is more disinterested or regardless of what concerns himself, is more frank and confiding in his own dealings, is more sensitive to a betrayal of confidence, or would look with more scorn and contempt upon one who uses the words and the assurances of friendship to cover a secret and determined purpose of hostility. The President has not withheld his confidence or respect, nor has he withdrawn his friendship from any senator, for the reason of such senator's difference with him on the question of San Domingo or any other subject, on a question of public policy. To affect to give credit to the suggestion that he has done so, or that he would visit upon a third party resentments caused by real or imagined indignation against another, is unworthy of Mr. Motley, and will doubtless be regretted by him when the moment of thoughtless excitement which betrayed him into the utterance has passed away."

....We always look with interest to see what Massachusetts has to say. Gov. Claflin's message to the general court has some excellent points. We might wish him to go further than he has in the matter of female suffrage; but we do thank him heartily for the list he has given of the other disabilities which women suffer even in the state which boasts so much of its equal rights. Gov. Claflin says:

> "Whatever conclusions we may reach on the question of woman's abstract right to vote, there can be no question that great injustice is done to woman by many existing laws, and it is our duty to relieve our statute-books of these relics of barbaric ages. I allude particularly to those laws affecting the rights of property. For instance: A husband inherits all of his wife's separate personal estate, while she under like circumstances will inherit only one-third of his; the husband can dispose of all his personal estate by will, but she can devise no more than one-half of her separate estate without his consent; a husband's separate deed can convey his real estate, subject only to dower and homestead, without her consent, but her deed conveying her own separate estate without his consent is absolutely void. The wife cannot convey her shares in a corporation, neither can she lease her separate real estate for more than one year, without her husband's consent. No such restriction attaches to the husband's stock in corporations, or leases of real estate; and, while a wife within a specified time may waive the provisions of her husband's will, if it unjustly deprives her of her proper share of his property, yet, if she is insane during that period of time, no such waiver can be made, and the unjust will must stand—so that, if the death of her husband causes her to lose her reason, she will with it lose her just share of his property also. These are laws, also, affecting the rights of women in regard to children, which bear severely upon her in the tenderest relations. The courts have often shielded her of late years in the most unjust rulings, realizing doubtless that precedent and the usual strict interpretation of laws often bring great injustice to many worthy and suffering mothers and disinheriting injure children. All such injustice and hardship should be eliminated from our laws."

He speaks the voice of all Christian patriots when he deprecates a wicked clamor for war.

> "We cannot deprecate too strongly all attempts to arouse among us a spirit of hostility toward other nations. The middle classes of the people of Europe look to America as their refuge from tyranny, and as the home of the poor. They were our friends in the darkest days of the Rebellion. In Great Britain, even amid the extreme sufferings caused by the continuance of our struggle, they constrained their rulers to observe neutrality; and they in the end will compel their government to render us the meed of justice. Upon them would fall the horrors of war in any contest with us, and we should be slow to weaken their confidence in our magnanimity, or give to their opponents the long-sought opportunity of attaining power, and thus increasing the danger of war, by postponing the settlement of the questions in dispute between the two countries."

....Nothing is so hard to get at as the facts. This holds true, so far as we are concerned, in the matter of Mr. Moody and the Chicago dancing Orphan Asylum. It is reported that the ladies of an orphan asylum rented Farwell Hall for a fair, and that they decided to conclude the fair with a dance. To prevent this, Mr. Moody, or somebody else, it seems, had the gas cut off, proposing to leave the deeds of darkness in darkness. The plucky people, who were benevolently intent on dancing money into the treasury of the asylum, had provided against this by investing in a tallow-chandler's shop; and so they immediately lit two thousand candles, and danced defiance to Mr. Moody's scruples. Whatever may be thought of private dancing, we suppose there is but one opinion among sober-minded people in regard to the general tendency of public balls. And the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago have a right to object to the prostitution of their hall to the purposes of a ballroom. And, as the scruples of the Association are perfectly well understood, there seems to have been something of false pretense in the securing of the hall under color of a fair for a ball. On the other hand, having let the hall, Mr. Moody, or whoever it was, had no business to meddle with the gas-meter. We do not believe much in the efficacy of an enforced piety, and we doubt whether it is best to have a conscience for everybody. There was a course open to the Association by which they might have made dignified protest against what they deemed an improper use of their hall. But this tone of darkness and tallow-dip business is not a very successful protest against balls or dancing.

....The plans of Dr. Cather, with his "Christian Moral Science Association," which were so long in a nebulous shape in many minds, have at length assumed the definite form of a society, with a constitution and officers. His proposal to enlist one hundred members in a "Provisional Council," each lay member to pledge $50 annually and each clergyman $25, has been carried out substantially, we believe. And now the next society is to be left to develop itself. The income of $3,000 to $5,000, from the subscriptions of the Provisional Council, will support a secretary until the practicability of the plan can be fully tested; which is, as we understand it, to persuade all Christians to recognize the true and proper and equal *churchmanship* of every other Christian. It strikes us as an attempt to drive the wedge with the heavy end first, to start with the requirement that conscientious Baptists should acknowledge the good standing in the church of those who have only been sprinkled in their infancy, and that intelligent and consistent believers in Episcopacy shall acknowledge the real and true churchmanship of those who have only Presbyterian ordination.

....We are thoroughly satisfied now that the colored cadet Smith, whatever his weaknesses, is the victim of a villainous persecution at the hands of some contemptible white boys, who are utterly unfit associates for a respectable colored lad. And we fear that the officers of the institute are giving countenance to the conspiracy. The charges brought against him are trivial, and there seems to be a determination to drive him from the institution. If the Military Institute is essentially a nursery of snobbery, destined to be always unrepublican in its spirit, it becomes a serious question whether the nation will think it worth while maintaining a school to educate officers in hostility to the fundamental ideas of American institutions. It certainly seems grossly unjust to tax all the people to sustain a school from which a large class of the people are practically excluded. And in the disorders which we have reason to fear, chiefly from the spirit of caste, what can the nation expect of officers who are educated to treat men unjustly on account of their color? If the Institute is to educate only Lees and Beauregards, away with it!

....What is to grow out of the Young Men's Christian Association movement does not yet appear; but, being a good tree, it will doubtless bear much fruit not yet looked for. The amusement rooms and gymnasiums are admirable in their way, and we are only sorry that the great Chicago building should have to say to the future that its noble projectors ignored the need for recreation in human nature. To make such a mistake is a serious matter. To organize into an institution, and to build it into brick and mortar, is to make the mistake monumental. But the new Brooklyn building is to include not only a gymnasium and other means for recreation; but arrangements for an institution of learning, lecture, laboratory, and recitation rooms, in which it is intended to provide facilities for a thorough education in the sciences and the classics. It will probably organize under a regular charter, and confer degrees on those who complete the whole course. We trust that the projectors of this excellent movement will not be so narrow as to exclude young women from the benefits that are to result from their liberal devising.

....In no profession is woman's right to work so clear as in that of medicine; and the ladies who are by their success quietly establishing the fact that women are suited to the profession, and even to its higher branches, are doing more for the true advancement of women in the matter of the right to a livelihood than any oratory can. We are glad to know that all the schools of medicine opened for women are prosperous. The oldest of these—the one in Philadelphia—has about one hundred students, and affords them excellent facilities. We understand that Mrs. Dr. Cleveland, the secretary of the faculty, is gaining distinction as a surgeon, a branch of the profession that one would hardly have expected a woman to excel in. We learn from an eye-witness that some of her recent operations, performed in the presence of her class, were very brilliant, eliciting the unqualified admiration not only of the students, but of the gentlemen surgeons who were present.

....We find one good point in Rev. O. B. Frothingham's opening lecture, on "The Religion of Unbelief," in the Horticultural Course, at Boston. He directed attention to the habit of calling one of the leading patriots and infidels of the last century by the nickname of "Tom" Paine. Call him an infidel, if you will; for he was one, and no earnest defender of what Mr. Frothingham calls "The Faiths of the Infidels" ought to be ashamed of the title. But it is only decent to give any adversary the benefit, at least, of his Christian name.

....The *Christian Recorder*, of Philadelphia, the organ of the African Methodist Church, is out in favor of the annexation of St. Domingo. It says: "That we are to have Dominica seems almost certain. It is true that Mr. Sumner will fight it; but, for once, we trust and believe that he will be defeated."

Personal.

MR. BEECHER is often charged with having swerved from the faith of his father. He has been accused of undermining the faith and perverting good orthodoxy. He is too independent a man to deny that he has departed, more or less, from that philosophy of religion of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was so able an advocate. In his sermon last Sabbath he said distinctly that he differed from his father and other able theologians, in so far as they represented God as an absolute sovereign, taking counsel of no interest but his own glory. On the other hand, he insisted on the doctrine of the fatherhood of God as a truer exposition of his relations to us. Even a scientific system of theology, after treating of God and man, ought to discuss God's duties and relations to his creatures before those of the creature to the Creator; and Mr. Beecher, if no theologian, recognizes this fact. But the daily papers, which have no idea what orthodoxy is, will be trumpeting this as an astonishing departure from the old faith.

....Rev. Henry Bleby, the veteran Wesleyan minister and anti-slavery man, writes us from Nassau (Bahamas):

> "Our winter has now set in. It is by far the most pleasant part of the year. From November to June we have here the perfection of fine weather. I question if it can be surpassed in any part of the world. The thermometer is at 77 degrees, a balmy atmosphere

Publisher's Department.

BY THE CIRCULAR PAMPHLET which the New York Advertising Agents, Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., issue for the use of Advertisers much information is conveyed about all the best advertising mediums.

LAST WEEK'S DELAY.

NEVER have we, in all our newspaper experience, been so tried and provoked as during last week. The holiday on Monday, the usual difficulties in the working of the printing presses, etc., delayed the paper nearly three days. We have ordered another of Hoe's presses, making five in all, and hope, with other increased facilities, never so have such an occurrence again. But the paper, when it *did* appear, delighted as beyond measure; and, if our readers were as much pleased with it as we were ourselves, we believe they one and all freely forgive us for the delay in its appearance.

CARD.

OFFICE OF THE
FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'
LIFE INS. CO.,
TONTINE MUTUAL DEPARTMENT,
No. 317 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Mr. Editor:—We think that the writer of the article contained in your issue of the 10th of November last was not sufficiently familiar with our Tontine System of Life Insurance to enable him to give a fair statement, as may be seen by the following:

The article sets out with the assertion that one of the *peculiar* features of this Company consists in appending to itself the "long since exploded theory" of *Co-operative Insurance*. This Company has *never done* any *Co-operative* business. The difference between the Co-operative *plan* and the Tontine Mutual *System* of the Farmers' and Mechanics' may be briefly stated. They *all* (the co-operative associations) *lack responsibility* (with one exception only, the National of Chicago), *because* they depend wholly upon what is *paid in* to *pay from*. Having *no capital*, if *nothing* is paid in, certainly *nothing* can be *paid out*. Further, they lack *safety*, as they have no *medical examinations*. Furthermore, they cannot give anything but *Certificates of Membership*, whilst the Farmers' and Mechanics' issues *policies of Insurance*.

The Tontine Mutual system of the Farmers' and Mechanics' is the *only purely* Mutual system of Life Insurance, for the reason that the Company charges *nothing* for *Insuring* on this system; but simply enables healthy people, to the number of 2,500, to insure each other in the sum of one dollar each, and obliges each person to pay that dollar on the death of any one of their number, by requiring each one to deposit $15 with the Company, to make a fund to pay from, in case any one does not pay when called on. This makes the insurance good. The Company by its policy has agreed to pay, and must pay, whether those who are insured pay or not. The cost for insurance is nothing (as may be seen) until after some one dies among those who are insured together; and this must be at rare intervals, as none but strictly healthy and sound persons are or have been insured. A number of persons rejected by the Farmers' and Mechanics' for insurance on the Tontine Mutual plan have since been insure in other life insurance companies, who boast of their extreme carefulness in selecting risks.

The question of the *cost* of insurance on the *pure* "co-operative" plan (which does not appear to have "long since exploded"), is quite set at rest by the following extract:

"*Monthly Journal of the 'Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' for November, 1870. Page* 490. *Address of* W. H. SHERMAN, *at their annual meeting, at Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 19th*, 1870:

"Nearly 3,000 of the Brotherhood are now members of 'Locomotive Engineers' *Mutual Life* Insurance Association,' and its statistics show the most *wonderful* results. *During some* thirty-four months of its existence this Association has assessed, collected, and paid over to beneficiaries nearly $120,000—the last payment amounting to $2,662, and there have been 62 payments for deaths made. This great amount paid out would seem to indicate a heavy tax upon the insured; but I find that during the entire period it has cost me $56.25 only, or a little over 2 per cent. upon the last payment made—a much cheaper rate than I charged in any of the regular life insurance companies."

It must be considered that this was among a class of men whose lives are exposed to death more than any other class, and hence non-insurable in ordinary companies. *All ages* were included, and no *medical examinations* made. This would be flatly contradicts all the assertions and assertions of the insurance journals and *Insurance Times Extra, No.* 385, against *community* insurance.

At the Third International Convention of the United States Railway Conductors' Mutual Assurance Association, held at Philadelphia, October 6th, 1870, an address was delivered by J. W. Seymour, Esq., of Illinois. He said:

"We have now been running two years, and the number of members will average about 2,500; and it has cost each of us $47 for 41 deaths. (Expenses added.)"

(NOTE.—There were 17 killed. Most of the others would have been excluded from life insurance on account of diseases, from which they died.)

"And, if this continues to prove (as it seems to me it must) the best and cheapest insurance, there is no danger of any substantial man leaving us."

"The indications are that this mode of people insuring themselves is becoming very popular. Our principle is this: We insure *each other*. We build no palatial halls. Have no heavy salaried offices, nor pay a hungry horde of solicitors, who, with more blarney than inclination to work, wheedle and coax money out of the community to feed their own and the hungry maws of the life insurance companies. We have the satisfaction of knowing that each dollar we pay goes like an angel of mercy on a mission of good."

Six was the whole number of deaths reported on our Tontine Mutual system from September 3, 1869, to January 1, 1871—a period of nearly a year and a half; costing those in Class A and B but $1.10 each for insurance, and those in Class C $4.40 for insurance. This shows the practical operation of our system, and that it is *not expensive*. The losses were very much less than among the engineers and conductors, because *they* had no *medical examinations*. All were admitted—old and young, healthy and otherwise.

We are prepared to discuss and defend our Tontine Mutual system with any insurance or any other kind of man, at our office, 317 Broadway, or through the public press, if they desire it, as we feel able to satisfy every reasonable man of the equity, economy, and safety of our system; for it is *demonstrable* that it has such recommendations.

THE milking of cows made easy by the celebrated *Cow Milker*, manufactured and sold by Colvin Bros., 284 Broadway. No fairyman can afford to be without one. As a business speculation, it has no rival throughout the whole list of labor-saving machines for the country.

☞ Undertakers grow rich and gravedards reek with the mouldering bones of thousands who prematurely fall as victims to those relentless destroyers, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption. The two latter diseases are but the children of the former, which is easily and surely cured by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, while for the cure of the two latter diseases nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery. Both medicines are sold by druggists, or the Catarrh Remedy may be obtained by enclosing sixty cents to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE OCEAN NATIONAL BANK.

ITS NEW OFFICES—A CENTRAL POSITION—A COMMODIOUS BANKING ROOM.

THE corner of Barclay street and Broadway is one of the most convenient because one of the most central positions in New York. Adjacent to the great financial center of the metropolis, it is in the very heart of the business thoroughfares. On this account the Ocean National Bank, which has recently removed thither, has little to desire on the score of advantages of position. It is easy of access to the business public; and the financiers, to whom moments are often what Napoleon said he found them—"as valuable as hours"—will find that the distance from the Ocean National Bank building to Wall street is not too great.

Situated on the corner, the bank-room running back 100 feet from Broadway, has the advantage of light from two sides. It is large and commodious. It was originally well adapted for banking purposes; but the architects, in fitting it up, have made it still more suitable. It is supported by six light Corinthian columns, and the capacious windows admit an abundant supply of light. The handsome fresco work of the roof and the sober colors of the walnut desks and counters and bronze railings give the entire bank a quiet, businesslike, yet thoroughly cheerful appearance. Fronting on Broadway are the desks of the cashier and the president. Speaking-tubes enable these officers to communicate undisturbed with all parts of the office. The tellers, bookkeepers, and clerks find ample accommodation in the main office. This is railed off from that portion allotted to the public. The railing is light and graceful, but thoroughly effective in rendering impossible the little game of enterprising gentlemen who smash through panes of glass with smoothing irons. Inside this fortification is a numerous and well-trained army of clerks. There are also the fire-proof and burglar-proof arsenals of the establishment, in the shape of two massive safes. Of these two one is a Terwilliger's fire and burglar-proof safe of the strongest kind, fortified by a Yale double-dial lock on the inside and by a New Britain lock on the outside. It is eight tons weight, exclusive of the fire-proof shell. The other is a Valentine & Butler fire and burglar-proof of great strength, and ingeniously protected by the latest devices. There is also a clearing-house indicator, which shows the operations of that establishment. Passing from the main office through a hallway, which is used as a wardrobe, the record room is reached. Here is an immense fire-proof safe, in which the books and papers of the office are kept. The locks are Sargeant's combination, of great ingenuity, and a perfect safeguard against unauthorized violators of the secrecy of the records. This room is connected with another small and cheerful apartment, which is easily recognized as the directors' room. A glance round the suite of offices will convince every observer that the Ocean National Bank has now one of the most elegant and commodious banking establishments in the city.—*World*

HERALD OF HEALTH.—$3 a year; 3 months on trial, 25 cents; $1 a year to clergymen, teachers, and invalids. We propose to give to new subscribers for 1871 who send $2, and 20 cents extra for postage, a beautiful book, entitled "Human Beauty; or, Hints Toward Physical Perfection," showing how to acquire and retain bodily symmetry, health, and vigor. 300 pages, 100 engravings; price $1 50. The *Herald of Health* for 1871 will be unusually interesting. Address WOOD & HOLBROOK, 15 Laight street, New York.

INVESTING MONEY.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

ETHER of our beautiful engravings will make a splendid holiday present. Old subscribers who want them for that special purpose, but whose subscriptions do not expire until January or afterward, may renew their subscriptions *upon the terms proposed* (see premium column) and remit now, receive the engravings ordered by return mail, and be credited with the money, to apply when due. To all such we will send a proper receipt. This general notice is given in answer to inquiries made on the subject referred to. These remarks, of course, do not apply to those who desire the engravings as a premium for *new subscribers*, but to such as ask them for a renewal of their *own* subscriptions for the number of years—as mentioned in our premium column.

Our engravings are going into every section of the country by thousands, with never a single complaint of dissatisfaction. We believe no holiday present of equal value can so easily and so cheaply be obtained as one of these popular steel engravings.

To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

DRUNKARD, STOP!—The most confirmed cases of Intemperance cured by Dr. Beers, by a very simple remedy; it never fails. Send for a circular, and convince yourself. Address C. C. BEERS, M. D., Box 5110, New York.

LADY AGENTS WANTED.

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NOTICE.

THE Annual Meeting of the Systematic Beneficence Society will be held at the lecture-room of the Center church in New Haven, on Thursday, January 12th, at 2 o'clock P. M. The Rev. Dr. Cather, for 20 years Secretary of the English Systematic Beneficence Society, is expected to be present and participate in the exercises. GEO. W. SHANNON, Secretary.

MARRIED.

PECK—HALL.—On Thursday, December 22d, at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., by the Rev. H. M. Scudder, Truly Peck, of New Haven, Conn., to Miss Lillie Hall, of Brooklyn.

DIED.

ANDREWS.—In Monmouth, Kennebec County, Maine, 23d ult., very suddenly, Ichabod Andrews, Esq., aged 76 years.

DARROW.—On the morning of the 4th, Mrs. Susan R., wife of Erastus Darrow, Rochester, N. Y.

THE DYING BODY

SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE!

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A small atom of vaccine matter is sufficient to charge the system of the most robust and weighty body against Small-Pox. This potent power is secured through the blood. In every drop of DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT there are concentrated the nourishing, strengthening, and purifying properties that will secure to every human being pure, rich, strong, and healthy blood.

If the blood can be charged with vaccine matter in atomic proportions, that reproduces on the part of the body inoculated a poison of such virulence that an atom will charge an ordinary body containing 140 pounds of blood, is it not reasonable that a remedial agent like RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, made from the most healing, purifying, strengthening extracts from the vegetable kingdom of known medicinal qualities, and combined together by the highest chemical skill, and the medicinal properties of these substances obtained under a process that secures only the active properties of the substances used, should have equally as potent power for cleansing, purifying, enriching, and strengthening the blood?

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system *the vigor of life*, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. The SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT possesses *tissue-making* and *flesh-making elements* and supplies the system with any deficiency of *Calorine or heat-making constituents*. No matter how deeply seated or engrafted in the tissues, cartilages, glands, organs, or bones disease and corrupt on may be, the influence of this powerful agent on the blood and other fluids that supply the living body with repairs will so charge the system with such constituents as to *resolve* and exterminate the *dead* and *decomposing matter*, and supply its place with *sound* and *living structure*, nourished by rich, pure, and strong blood.

By the chemical action by which the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT has on the substances taken into the stomach during its process of digestion into Chyme and Chyle, before it is made blood, as well as the nourishing constituents it converts into blood, and its specific action when entering the circulation, it exterminates every atom of virus from the blood, and *resolves away all deposits of disease*, whether caused by the action of some specific poison or virulent disease, or Mercury, Corrosive Sublimate, Calomel, that may have accumulated in the bones, tissues, cartilages, or joints, or from some *transmitted taint or tainted complaint* that may have run through half a dozen generations.

Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Rheumatism, Blotches, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the operating range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs them with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does—a *cure* is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of digestion, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT exert all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Syphilitic diseases; but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is burning sensation, and pain in the Small of the Back along the Loins.

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NOTICE.

THE Coupons due on the bonds of the Chicago, Cincinnati, and Louisville Railroad, due January 1st, 1871, will be paid at the Banking House of CALDWELL & Co., No. 27 Wall Street, on and after that date.

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The Independent.

DOLLY'S SACRIFICE.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"I do hate turning old clothes!" exclaimed Dolly, giving a jerk to the breadth she was ripping from her best summer gown. "If I was able, I'd just make a bonfire of all my old things, and get a new suit throughout."

"Law, I ain't a mite like that," returned Aunt Lois, smoothing out the folds of her apron. "Things don't seem natural to me till I've worn them a good while; and as for a shoe, I'd rather have my old slips, all marked round the toes and run down at the heels, and so easy they'll almost puff along of themselves, than the best new pair you could give me out of the store."

"But I suppose you did like new clothes once," replied Dolly, a little tartly, as with Aunt Lois's help she slitted off a long piece of braid, and set a cloud of dust afloat.

"Pugh!" exclaimed Aunt Lois. "Well, folks say we must eat our peck of dirt some time or other. Like new clothes when I was young, did you say? I guess I did. I was the dressiest girl that went into Falham meeting-house, and I wish I could recollect the number of dancing-slippers I had that year I was going on eighteen."

"I wouldn't ask for dancing-slippers," returned Dolly, a little bitterly, "if I could get comfortable things. Father never seems to think that we women folks have any need of money. We do as much in the house in our way as the men do outside; but it never seems to amount to anything. I wish men folks could some way learn to respect a woman's work. I don't mean to shirk, I'm sure; but I should like to have what I do appreciated. And here is mother, who hasn't had a new thing since the year one, and her old Leghorn bonnet looks as antiquated as the hills."

Dolly spoke with a good deal of feeling, and it was plain to be seen by her flushed cheek and the positive lines of her pretty mouth that she was an energetic and somewhat independent little character.

The business of getting the week's baking out of the way had devolved upon the morning hours. Mrs. Maxwell, Dolly's mother, had been stirring about on her feet until late in the afternoon; and now, having tidied up a bit and put on a clean cap, she was seated in her big rocking-chair, with spectacles on nose, and the one weekly newspaper that came to the farm-house from Bambridge in her hand. The somnolent effect of a long day's work had almost overcome the good woman's consciousness; the paper had fallen into her lap, and the glasses were just tumbling from the end of her nose, when Dolly's last words came to her drowsy ears.

"Law, child, it don't matter what I wear," said she. "My market is made, and I can't bear to hector your father for money. It comes like drawing teeth; for we've just managed to get the mortgage paid off, and now he wants to stock the farm. He ain't a stingy man by nature, and by and by times'll be easier. Never mind, Dolly, you shall have some spring clothes, for all that. I have got a pretty penny saved up from selling chickens and eggs; and the next time father goes to Bambridge with the team you shall go along, and choose yourself a new dress and the prettiest hat you can find. I planned it out long ago, and nearly every day I count over my money, and think of what you can buy with it."

"O, mother," cried Dolly, jumping up and running to her, "how good you are!" And she put her arms round the excellent woman's neck and squeezed her tight. "But it seems selfish in me to take the money you have had such hard work to scrape together, when you sadly need a dress yourself. I have got tired to death seeing you wear that old bombazet. It has been turned and twisted now for five years, until it's as rusty as the ground."

"Never mind, child," returned Mrs. Maxwell. "I am old and wrinkled and sallow, and folks don't look at me or notice what I have on. I am satisfied if I can just slip along and appear respectable; but, of course, it's very different with a young thing like you."

Dolly was aware of the truth of her mother's words. She could not help knowing that she was a pretty girl, and that people looked admiringly at her rosy face; and it was as natural for little Dolly to love new, fresh things as it was to breathe. Now she bundled together her old fusty alpaca skirt, that was dreadfully faded between the plaits of every breadth, in a bunch, and went about to get tea. The kettle was singing on the kitchen-stove, and Dolly's heart sang too, and her tripping feet kept time to music that nobody heard but herself; for there were pleasant prospects in store, and it did not take much to make Dolly happy.

"How much that child's ways make me think of sister Jane, that died," said Aunt Lois, sinking her voice and looking over the top of her glasses at Dolly's mother. "Jane was a great hand to laugh, and she was always briskling round. Father couldn't bear to have her out of his sight, and when she died he was dreadfully cut down. I never knew him to forget to wind the clock till that night, and then he let it run down."

"Yes, I think Jane would have favored Dolly, if she had lived," replied the mother, going back in her memory to the old home, and the one bright, girlish figure among the group of sisters that had never grown gray or wrinkled, bent or careworn. And then she glanced through the door at her Dolly, as if there never had been another Dolly in the world.

The little maiden opened the oven-door every now and then to examine a pan of biscuits she had set baking, and let out appetizing puffs of fragrance. "We might have some honey to-night for a treat, mightn't we, mother?" she called out.

"Yes; and don't forget to put the dish of cold beans by your father's plate. He likes a bite of something hearty after a hard day's work."

At that moment the father's step was heard on the scraper. He came in with the hired man and his son, Luke; and, after divesting himself of his coat, gave his head and face a sound washing at the sink, and then polished off on the crash roller-towel. Mr. Maxwell was a stocky, thick-set man, with a square, solid face, a fringe of beard about his chin, and a pair of shrewd gray, eyes that could twinkle with dry fun under his bushy eyebrows.

The farmer's family was seated now at the supper-table, which Dolly had spread in clean and wholesome fashion, with the piping hot biscuits and honey clear as amber, and the more homely baked dish of brown beans. The slow hand of the old clock in the corner, where it had stood for fifty years, was pointing to six; and yet a warm ray of sunlight stole in and touched Dolly's geranium, that was beginning to feel the influence of spring, and turned the brown of the young girl's hair into golden ripples.

"How much longer the days are growing!" remarked Aunt Lois, as she took off her specs and wiped them on her apron, after asking a blessing. She and Mrs. Maxwell were "professors," as they say; but the farmer had never joined the church, although he held religion in great respect, and had the very best reputation among his neighbors for honesty and fair dealing.

The last red ray of spring sunshine seemed to kiss the group around the home-ly board in the farm-house kitchen with a warm good-night.

"I guess I shall go to Bambridge to-morrow, Hetty," said the farmer, addressing his wife, and lifting at the same time a large portion of cold beans on the end of his knife. "You'll have to give me an early start. It's a long pull for a team, and the ruts in the road ain't wore down yet. I shall have a big load coming back, and can't drive much off a walk."

Dolly had looked up, with a bright flush on her face, as her father began speaking; but it was clouded over by the last sentence.

"What be you going in, Samwell?" inquired Aunt Lois, putting out a gentle feeler.

"O, I shall take the lumber-wagon. There'll be a cultivator to bring back and some bags of grain."

"Couldn't you manage to let Dolly go along?" inquired Mrs. Maxwell, as she poured a cup of tea and measured out discreetly the light-brown Muscovado.

"What has Dolly got to take her to Bambridge?" he replied, looking up hastily from his plate. Mr. Maxwell was an excellent man; but he had very old-fashioned, orthodox notions about his women folks. It did not often occur to him that they needed much change or recreation.

"There's a little trading to do, father," said the wife, coaxingly. "And you know it would please Dolly to go and see the sights."

"If you'll wait till next week, Dolly," put in Luke, "when we finish laying that piece of stone-wall, down by the creek, I'll take you over myself some day, in the buggy."

"Oh, I heard you ask Lizy Mayhew to go, at singing-school," returned Dolly, with a little mischievous twinkle in her eye; "and I am afraid three would be a crowd."

Luke colored up to where the brim of his hat had kept his forehead white and untanned, and the hired man coughed behind his hand.

"It beats all how the women folks gad about nowadays," said the farmer, as if he had been turning the subject over in his mind with a sort of mild surprise. "In mother's time they were content to stay at home, and 'tend to the house-work."

It always riled Mrs. Maxwell a little to have any pointed allusion made to the perfections of her mother-in-law—a thing Mr. Maxwell was very fond of doing.

"I guess the old lady went from home as much as anybody," said she, speaking up. "I've heard her tell, time and again, how she used to mount on a pillion behind grandfather, and ride off a visiting, while she left the house to take care of itself."

"Well," said Dolly, with a sigh of disappointment, "I suppose I shall have to give up my trip to Bambridge for this time."

"I don't see no kind o' use on't," returned Mr. Maxwell, as he helped himself to another installment of beans; "but, if you've got your heart set, I s'pose you must go. We may be into the night getting back; and in some places I shouldn't wonder if you had to walk up-hill, for the road pitch-poles a good deal of the way."

"O, I shan't mind that the least bit," replied Dolly; and she went singing and skipping about the room, as she wiped the tea-dishes and put them away in the corner cupboard.

The next morning the family breakfasted by candle-light. Luke and the hired man had gone to tackle the horses. Mr. Maxwell stood before the little square of looking-glass that hung over the mantel-piece, buckling his high satin stock. Dolly had pinned on her plaid blanket-shawl, for the morning was chill and raw; and tied down her old, shabby winter bonnet over her ears; and put her fingers into a pair of cotton gloves, which would have to be tucked under the shawl, for an hour or two, to keep them from aching.

"Here's a hot brick for your feet," said Aunt Lois, who was always contriving to make people comfortable, "and a little bite of something to eat."

Mrs. Maxwell, as she tucked a roll of bills into Dolly's glove, whispered in her ear: "Don't forget to buy some little notion for Auntie. You know she thinks so much of being remembered."

Dolly squeezed her mother's hand gratefully in return; and then she ran and clambered up the side of the big lumber-wagon, and got a snug seat on the buffalo-robe by her father's side.

"You had better drop into Newcombe's store, where Henry Galpin is, just for old acquaintance sake," called out Mrs. Maxwell after them, as she stood in the door-way, shading her face with her hand.

Dolly blushed a little as she turned round and nodded back in response; and then Mr. Maxwell cracked his whip and they were off. The air was chilly yet with the night-damp; but the sun had risen cheerfully over the brown fields, where the grass was tufting green in the warm corners of the fences, and the trees were budding overhead, and bluebirds and robins were singing and building among their branches.

Mr. Maxwell was almost glad, after all, that he had brought Dolly along. It was more cheerful to have the bright little girl for company than to be jogging on alone, chewing the cud of his own reflections. He could point out to her the improvements, and with a shrewd eye criticise his neighbors' farming.

"The old Galpin place looks kinder run down," said he, as they came abreast a house with pillars, which had made some pretensions to gentility in its day, but where now the white paint was wearing off, and showing the more durable red color underneath. "Joel Galpin is getting old," he added, "and his boys don't amount to a row of beans—none of them but Henry."

"I should like to stop at Newcombe's store, where Henry is clerking it," returned Dolly, with the pretty blush fluttering into her cheek again. "It would look neighborly; and he might be willing to sell to his old friends a little cheaper than to other folks."

"Hank is a good fellow," said the farmer, evasively, as it struck him that Dolly was edging round toward a request for money. "He don't stiffen up as some of them whipper-snappers do when they git into a village, and wear starched shirt-bosoms every day. I am glad to see him get along; and they say Newcombe means to take him into partnership. Yes, we'll stop at the store. I should like to see Newcombe, and ask him about your Uncle Eben's folks. He's got a branch store up Dorset way, and hears from there pretty regular. If things go slick after planting is over, I mean to take your mother up to Eben's for a visit. I hain't said nothing about it, for there's no use in making talk before the time comes. I calkerlate to stop and stay over night at your cousin Nancy's; and we can take a bag of horse-feed under the buggy-seat, to save tavern-bills. It will be a treat to your mother; and I guess you and Lois and the boys can manage things at home while we are gone."

"Yes, indeed," cried Dolly, with enthusiasm. "I would give anything to have mother take a little trip." And then she fell to thinking that, if her mother was going up to Uncle Eben's on a visit, where there were dressy, smart people, she ought to have some new clothes. Her old ones were too shabby to look decent anywhere away from home. Dolly grew very sober all of a sudden, and before she woke up from her brown study the lumber-wagon was rumbling along through the brisk main street of Bambridge. There were crowds of nicely-dressed people moving about, and a long string of country teams was fastened before the shops.

Mr. Maxwell drove directly to Newcombe's, the smartest store in town, with the doorway festooned with cheap goods, and the window in quite a glow of spring silks. When she got in among the fashionable town ladies, who had turned out in full force to examine the spring stock, and were buzzing about like bees, Dolly, for the first time, felt ashamed of her dingy blanket-shawl. She moved along quite modestly, until she spied Harry Galpin behind the counter, showing a piece of checked silk to a couple of showily-dressed girls, who were laughing and chattering like magpies. He did not see Dolly at first; and she was beginning to feel a little grieved and hurt, when he came and held out his hands to her, in the frank, genial way that always won everybody's good-will, and made him the most popular salesman in town.

"Why, Dolly!" said he, "it was tip-top of you to come down and see an old friend to-day. How are all the folks at home?"

"All well," said Dolly, the smiles peeping out of her face, as Harry still held on to the little cotton glove. And she noticed that the young ladies at the counter he had so unceremoniously left were beginning to stare at her rather coolly. Harry excused himself, and called another clerk to take his place.

"Now, what can I show you, Dolly?" said he, after chatting for a moment or two.

"I should like to see some of your pretty thin goods—just to look at them, you know, for I can't buy much."

"Much or little, you shall have the best we can offer, Dolly," and he led the way to a tempting counter, where there were light stuffs of blue and pink and purple, spread out in a perfect rainbow.

"Here is something that looks just like you, Dolly," said he, taking up a piece of sky-blue barege, and disposing it skillfully in folds over a breadth of white muslin. It makes me think of some flower or other—heartsease, isn't it?"

Dolly fingered the stuff, and looked at it lovingly, with a perplexed little screw in her rosy face. It was plain to see that she was sorely tempted. "What price did you say?" she inquired.

We have been selling it at six shillings a yard, and we thought it dirt cheap. But you shall have the goods, Dolly, for seventy cents."

"No," said Dolly, after she had reckoned up in her mind, and forming a sudden and strong resolution as she heroically relinquished a fold of the pretty stuff which she had been fondling in her little fingers, "I can't take it. Mother is going away on a journey, and she needs a dress more than I do. She gave me the money to spend for myself; but I think it would be wrong to do so, don't you?" she asked, raising her innocent eyes to Harry's face.

"I'm sure, I don't know about that," replied Harry, whittling a pencil, and looking down. I shall always like you in anything you happen to have on."

"I know it would be mean and selfish," said Dolly, very decidely, not choosing to take any notice of the latter part of Harry's speech, and at the same time turning her positive little back on the counter.

"So poor blue must go a-begging," put in Harry.

"Yes; and you will please to show me some plain gray stuff, that will do for an elderly woman, like mother."

"Not in the least gay and festive," remarked Harry.

Dolly looked back, and gave him a bright little smile. It ended by her selecting a silvery mozambique, sufficiently quiet and subdued to please Mrs. Maxwell; and then she ran across the street to Miss Frisbee's millinery shop, with the window gay with artificial flowers and new shapes and bright ribbons. This time she did not even look at anything for herself; but her eye fell on a nice white Dunstable straw, trimmed with lavender, with a pure quilling around the face. It looked exactly like Mrs. Maxwell; and, when Dolly had waited to have the rosebuds taken out of the ruche, and some modest green leaves put in instead, she paid for the bonnet, and saw it done up in a snug parcel. Miss Frisbee, who was both by nature and art insinuating, could not induce her to put on one of the pretty new shapes.

"No," said Dolly, very positively. "I will send down my old straw by and by, and have it pressed over. I shall make last summer's ribbon answer and trim it myself." Dolly had conquered her girlish vanity very nobly; and now there was just money enough left in her purse to buy Aunt Lois a comfortable pair of gloves and a pretty purple cap-ribbon.

"My stars!" exclaimed Mr. Maxwell, as, late in the afternoon, Dolly came tripping over to the farm-wagon, with her arms full of bundles. "I should think you'd been cleaning out Newcombe's stock."

"Don't worry, father," returned Dolly, with her eyes sparkling mischievously. "I haven't run up any bills against you. Mother gave me the money, and I guess she came honestly by it."

"Look here, Dolly," said Harry Galpin, as he came out of the store-door, without his hat. "Here is a parcel you have forgotten." And he held toward her a nicely-wrapped package.

"You must be mistaken," returned Dolly. "I counted over all my bundles before I left the store."

"This surely belongs to you," Henry insisted, with a smile brightening over his pleasant face.

"Well, then, perhaps you did up the drilling and the whalebones separately. I hope you threw in some spool-cotton and a card of hooks and eyes. You know we country-folks are particular about getting all we're entitled to."

"I shall be sorry if you are not satisfied," returned Henry, evasively, and then they shook hands and parted.

Dolly, riding home under the clear starlight, wrapped in her old blanket-shawl, was as happy as a queen. She had fingered and felt of the parcel that Harry gave her, as it lay in her lap, until she was convinced that it did not contain linings, and there was a very queer, pleasant flutter going on about her heart.

"You shan't see any of my bargains till morning," cried Dolly, as she skipped into the house, carrying with her a quantity of fresh air and cheerfulness. So the things were all packed off to her own little chamber in Dolly's arms; and she shut and buttoned the door. And then she untied the string of Harry's bundle, and tumbled a blue barege dress and a little white neck-Dolly hugged them both rapturously, and then she capered about the room. Of course, she meant to tell her mother all about it, but not quite yet; and so the precious secret was locked away in her bureau-drawer.

The next morning Dolly laid the shimmery mozambique and the neat Dunstable straw bonnet out on the patch-work quilt of her bed. And then she called up her mother and Aunt Lois.

"Why," said Mrs. Maxwell, examining the goods critically, "this stuff is too sober and old-looking for you, Dolly."

"Of course, it is," replied Dolly, her face puckering with saucy triumph; "but it is just the thing for the person who is going to wear it, and that is Mother Maxwell."

"O, Dolly! How could you do such a thing?" cried Mrs. Maxwell, turning away her head while the tears came rushing into her eyes.

"You thought you were going to make all the sacrifices yourself, didn't you, Mother?" exclaimed Dolly, putting her arms round her. "You thought I meant to trick myself off in fine feathers, and let my mother go shabby. It isn't a good sign for a girl to look finer than her mother; and I won't have it. I've made up my mind that you're not to disgrace the family any longer by your old clothes; so take off your waist, dear, for I've got the patterns all ready, and am just aching to put my scissors into that nice stuff."

Dolly had seen her father and mother drive off in the buggy, with a little trunk strapped on behind. Mrs. Maxwell looked as neat as hands could make her in her new bonnet and gown. It was June now, and Dolly was sitting in her little rocking-chair on the porch, under the rose-vine, with birds and butterflies flitting about. She had brought down her work, the blue barege skirt, and it had fallen into her lap, while she looked up through the leaves, flecked with sunlight, when Harry Galpin rode to the gate, and, alighting from his horse, walked through the flower-bordered path, sweet with old-fashioned scents—southernwood, lavender, and carnations.

Dolly started as his shadow fell across the light. "Oh, Harry, is that you?" And then their eyes mutually fell on the blue dress, and they both laughed and blushed.

All that transpired during Harry's visit it is needless to relate. When Aunt Lois came back from working over the butter in the milk-room, there was a very pretty tableau on the porch, and Harry was saying:

"I always liked you, Dolly, better than any other girl; but perhaps I never should have fallen head over ears in love with you, if it hadn't been for that day in the store, when I saw you could sacrifice your fondness for dress to something better."

Dolly's shy little fingers were trembling in Harry's hand; and, as Aunt Lois's carpet-slippers made but little noise, and the young people were too much absorbed to hear her approach, the dear old lady slipped away, and left only the birds to listen.

Book Table.

HISTORY UNEARTHED.*

In his "Religion of Geology" President Hitchcock imagines that the souls of the departed may still pursue the studies in science or history that have interested them here; and he suggests that what he calls "the telegraphic system of the universe" may aid their investigations. He supposes such a spirit, like Daniel's Gabriel, "being caused to fly swiftly," might outspeed the swiftness of the sun's rays, and, overtaking a ray of light reflected from the earth into space thousands of years ago, might see thereby the temptation of Adam, or the offering of Isaac, or the crucifixion of our Saviour.

A very similar source of historical knowledge has been actually opened to scholars within the past half-century. When men now in middle life studied ancient history at school, a few fragments of Manetho and a single chapter of Herodotus told all that was known of the ancient Egyptians, except as we might glean a little from the Hebrew annals. For the Assyrians and Babylonians we had another chapter of Herodotus, and a few names from Berosus and Abydenus. We learned a strange story of Semiramis, and scarce suspected that it was all a fable. But now we can almost see ancient history enacted before our eyes. The picture is not overtaken as it hurries on the wings of light through space. It is unearthed and restored to the light. Do we wish to see a conquering Egyptian king returning from a campaign? There is the picture, with the prisoners—Edomites, Hittites, Jews—all depicted, and with the name of each vanquished tribe attached. Would we learn how the Assyrian kings besieged a city? There is a picture from Nimroud, representing the army climbing the hills, passing through forests, swimming streams on inflated skins, smiting with their battering-rams against a fortress, and then returning in victory. Would we know something of their engineering? There is another picture, in which we see a colossal human-headed bull hauled to its place at the gate of the temple. It is carried on a wooden drag, and half a dozen long, stout ropes are attached to it, pulled by a thousand men; while long levers behind and rollers underneath are skillfully applied, and ropes on each side are held to prevent its falling; and the superintendent of the operation stands on the top of the figure, and gives his directions with a trumpet.

A few men in Europe have given their best energies for fifty years to searching out and reading these records. They have found the annals of ancient kingdoms, which perished before the dawn of what we have been accustomed to call history, written, fragmentarily, it is true, but yet at great length. These records fill volume after volume as reprinted in the original languages in the proceedings of Oriental societies and the publications of the British Museum, or of private scholars.

But in this form they do little public service. The authors of this volume have done a signal service in ransacking all these sources, to give us a connected history of the East. The title indicates its wide range, and the original French includes a history of India, wisely omitted in the translation, on account of the notoriously doubtful character of all the sources of Hindu history.

It is somewhat humiliating to confess that there are chapters of this History which probably no man in the United States is competent to criticise intelligently. It would be difficult to find more than one man who could criticise the Egyptian history; and we doubt if there is one who has carefully studied even in translation the sources of the history of the Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, or Arabians. If we are mistaken, we shall be glad to make the correction; but this discreditable ignorance and lack of interest in this department of history and kindred philology we mean to denounce till it is corrected.

Though unable to criticise it as we might like, it is a sufficient recommendation of the work that it has been crowned by the French Academy with its highest prize. On the controverted points of Assyrian history our author follows Oppert where he differs from Rawlinson and the English school. It is our impression that in this he is wrong, though only experts can judge. We would especially call attention to the chapter on the history of Tyre and Sidon as of great interest. M. Lenormant loudly proclaims his acceptance of the sacred records, and his treatment of the Jewish history will not shock any but the extremest literalists. We notice that he seems to suppose that the biblical "Tidal king of nations" was king of nomadic Scythian tribes. We think it more probable that the word *Goïm*, translated "nations," represents the country called *Gutium* in the Assyrian inscriptions, including the region between the Euphrates and Syria.

The English edition claims an advantage over the French in that it contains a comparative table of Semitic alphabets, compiled by Mr. E. Deutsch, of the British Museum. That ought to be recommendation enough for its accuracy; but we are sorry to notice in the alphabet taken from the Moabite Inscription three or four letters that are not accurate. The *Caph* is quite wrong; the *Lameth* never appears closed; the perpendicular line of the *Samekh* always extends above the three horizontal lines which form the corresponding Greek *Xi*, and we do not believe that the first form of *Koph* appears on the stone, nor the second form with so short a perpendicular stroke. In the old Greek alphabet the *Zeta* and *Iota* are not accurate, and the last form of *Rho* surprises us. In the Phœnician the purest form of *Shin* is omitted. We are sorry that the English editor, who added a translation of the Moabite stone, should have selected that of Gamneau, instead of that of Schlottmann, or of Nöldeke, both of which are better, and both of which he speaks of.

These volumes so lucid and generally reliable in their narrative, so fresh with the flavor of earth's spring-time, we recommend as most stimulative and instructive reading. They might well be made the basis of study in many of our higher institutions. None who are interested in tracing the origin of civilization, or who have been attracted by such books as Prof. Geo. Rawlinson's "Five Monarchies," which comes nearest in scope to this cheaper work, or to his abridgment of the same, or to his grand edition of "Herodotus," can fail be attracted by Lenormant.

* A MANUAL OF THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MEDIAN WARS. By FRANCIS LENORMANT and E. CHEVALLIER. Comprising the history of the Israelites, Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Phœnicians, and Arabians. Two volumes 12mo, pp. 528 and 508. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

HISTORIC AMERICANS.*

The volume published under the above title consists of four lectures, prepared for delivery in the "Fraternity Course," by Theodore Parker, in 1858, only two years before his death. They are a careful study of the lives and characters of Franklin, Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, four men who have left a large and ineffaceable impress on our national and social life. They were different in almost every respect: in the circumstances and training of early life, in the cast of their genius, and in the parts they performed in the momentous period in which they were called to act; yet the genius of each was of that high order which makes its presence powerfully felt at any time, but especially in the formative periods of a nation's history, and their very differences served to give completeness and stability to the work to which they so largely contributed—the work of securing and establishing an independent united national government. It is a question of speculative interest rather than of practical importance why great men appear at one time rather than another; but, whether one chooses to say that great men produce an epoch, or an epoch its men, or that they are providentially adapted to each other, the fact remains that every people that has ever made any important contribution to the history of civilization has been powerfully influenced in the crises of its development by the character of its great men. It was to illustrate this fact in American history, as Mr. Frothingham in his preface suggests, that Mr. Parker was led to prepare the lectures before us. His intention was "to bring the power of great historic names to bear on the minds of his contemporaries, to clear their conceptions, confirm their belief, or tone up their courage. Grand examples are more convincing than ordinary precepts, and Mr. Parker was intensely persuaded that our grandest examples were on the side that most needed strengthening." Especially, it is probable, he intended to bring them to bear upon the great anti-slavery conflict which was at its hight when the lectures were written. "But," Mr. Frothingham continues, "no side views of this sort tempted him to swerve a hair's breadth from the sternest loyalty to the truth. . . . In all biographical studies his conscientiousness was a wonder. These four portraits are as faithful as he, by any labor of his, could make them. Those who question his truthfulness [accuracy?] must first revise their own." We are inclined, after a careful examination, to second this high praise as to Mr. Parker's care and thoroughness of research; but he studied as a reformer, judged of men and measures as a reformer, and spoke or wrote as a reformer; and, however faithfully one might try in such a case to "purge his own mental vision," he could hardly fail to import into his judgments more or less of the coloring of his own preconceptions. It is never safe to deal with facts "for a purpose"; or, rather, since we must often do that, it is never quite safe to suppose that we have entirely excluded the "purpose" from influencing the facts. We are obliged to accept with this qualification some of the opinions, and in one or two cases the statements, in the volume before us. For instance, when speaking of the various events in the period of Franklin's life from 1752 to 1776, the author says: "Franklin has been chosen member of the first Colonial Congress, which met at Albany, in 1754, to protect the provinces from the French and Indians. His far-reaching mind there planned the scheme of the Union for common defense among all the colonies. This the British Government disliked; for, if the colonies should form a union, and the people become aware of their strength, they would soon want independence." The mistakes in this passage are negative rather than positive, and probably grew out of Mr. Parker's rather dangerous facility of generalization; yet are such as to mislead the unlaformed reader. It is true that Franklin, on the occasion referred to, brought forward a plan of union which was finally adopted by the delegates; but not true as implied in the above quotation that his was the only plan proposed and discussed, and still less true that the idea of a union originated with him. And, while it is true that the British Government rejected his plan, they did so, not because, as Mr. Parker says, they were opposed to a union of the colonies, but because they were not satisfied with that particular form of union. This very plan, moreover, which Mr. Parker blames the British Government for rejecting, was rejected by the colonists themselves, through their legislatures.

As early as the reign of William and Mary a somewhat elaborate plan of union had been brought forward in England, but had been allowed to drop out of sight. But at the time here referred to the attention of the home government had been called to the importance of combining the strength of the colonies, in order that they might the more effectually resist the encroachments of the French and Indians; and, accordingly, in 1753, the Board of Trade sent instructions to the governor of New York to hold a conference with the Indians, for the purpose of considering and redressing their complaints. The other colonies were requested to send commissioners also, in order that the treaty might be made by them all jointly, in the name of the king. About the same time a letter from the Earl of Holderness, then secretary of state, directed the commissioners to form a plan of union. As a basis of this work, two preliminary resolutions were adopted: first, that a union was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the colonies; and, second, that it ought to be established by act of Parliament. After considering several other plans, they finally adopted the one proposed by Franklin. And this, as before observed, had the singular fate of being rejected by the two parties concerned, for precisely opposite reasons: by the Parliament, because it gave too much power to the colonies; and by the colonies, because it gave too much to Parliament. We have dwelt upon this point at considerable length, not so much on account of the importance of the particular mistake we have been noticing, as for the sake of indicating the danger of accepting without proper discrimination all Mr. Parker's conclusions.

* HISTORIC AMERICANS. By THEODORE PARKER. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

The inaccuracy of calling the convention at Albany the "first Colonial Congress" is a trifle, but points the same way. This term, it is well known, is applied to the assembly de'egated by the colonists, which met in New York, in 1765; but, if it is used here only in a general sense, it is still inaccurate, and could be thus applied only to the congress which formed the union of 1613. We should modify, in the same way, some of Mr. Parker's estimates in other cases. To mention only one, we differ widely from this judgment of Washington: "He never fought a single brilliant campaign, or more than a single brilliant battle—that of Trenton." We think, on the other hand, that the campaign which ended in the surrender of Cornwallis may, without too much hair-splitting, be called "brilliant"; while the battle at Trenton is in scarcely any respect entitled to that praise. It was, indeed, an important success, and calculated to strike the imagination from the completeness of its results, but involving very little demand for great military talent. The movement, a few days later, by which Washington threw himself in a rapid flank march across Cornwallis's line of communications, defeated his re-enforcements coming up by way of Princeton, and forced the British commander to fall back to the Raritan, instead of threatening Philadelphia, was a really daring and brilliant operation. The battle of Monmouth, too, though commonly spoken of as "drawn," we should put among the achievements which show that Washington was capable of thinking and acting with great rapidity and precision in a pressing emergency.

But, after making all necessary allowances, the book is a welcome addition to our American historical biography. It does not profess to add anything of importance to our stock of knowledge; but it furnishes us a series of interesting and effective studies of character and events, and the groupings are sometimes exceedingly suggestive. The style is of the author's best—clear, graphic, nervous, compact, strong—a style formed to strike the ear, and find its accompaniment in the speaker's living presence, yet equally adapted to the printed page. Mr. Parker's well-known religious views are seldom brought forward in th se lectures; and there are but few passages that will give offense to any reader. In conclusion, we may give the following as a summing up of the characteristics of the four members of this notable group:

Franklin was "a great inventor of new ideas in science, the philosophy of matter, and in politics, the philosophy of states"; Washington's "great talent was that of administration"; of Adams "it must be confessed that no man has had so wide, so deep, and so lasting an influence on the great constructive work of framing the best institutions of America"; Jefferson's "grand merit was this: that, while his powerful opponents favored a strong government, and believed it necessary thereby to repress what they called the lower classes, he believed in humanity, believed in a true democracy."

PERIODICALS.

Old and New begins the year with a bright face and hopeful promises to make its second year a better success than its first, though one would say it had no particular reason to be dissatisfied with that. The most noticeable article in the January number is Part Second of Robert Dale Owen's "Looking Across the War-Gulf," which is a careful record of the terrible nature and effects of the slave-trade in the West Indies and the United States. The "Examiner" and "Record of Progress" are filled with their usual attractive variety. (Roberts Brothers.)

The Religious Magazine and Monthly Review begins the new year with a change of editors, Rev. John H. Morison, D.D., now assuming charge. Under his scholarly direction the *Magazine* is likely to lose nothing in breadth and vigor, while it is certain to be conducted in the most catholic Christian spirit.

Lippincott & Co. send us the *Sunday Magazine, Good Words*, and *Good Words for the Young*—all excellent, as we have often said, and all filled in the present numbers with a very attractive variety of good reading.

The Song Messenger, a musical monthly, comes to us from Root & Cady, of Chicago.

The Small Fruit Recorder is a monthly devoted to this branch of horticulture, edited and published by A. M. Purdy, Palmyra, N. Y.

—Porter & Coates (Philadelphia) have issued in a bulky octavo volume a new edition of Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. For American readers it is the best, in fact the only accessible thesaurus of Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese poetry. The material is arranged chronologically, so as to exhibit the progress of the language and art of versification in the several countries, and the value of the work as a guide to the study of the poetry of these countries is greatly enhanced by the introductions and biographical notices liberally introduced. The book is published in handsome style; but it is a disappointment to find the additional matter, representing a period of twenty-five years, relegated to a supplement, instead of being incorporated with the body of the work. We hope this defect may be remedied in future editions, and we should hope also that the public would encourage an issue in two or three volumes of more convenient size. These matters, however, are by no means essential; but merely affect the convenience of using, without detracting from the intrinsic worth of a noble work.

—We receive volumes enough of so-called poetry, as our weekly notices show; but pages, or even stanzas, with the real poetic inspiration in them are "like angels visits." One of these rare visitors is *Margaree*, a little volume of less than fifty pages, by "Hampden Massor," of which we can speak in terms of just praise. Many of the passages are characterized by great sweetness and beauty of expression, and nearly all are above average merit. There are perceptible here and there a certain immaturity of thought, a too lax discipline of the imagination, and a somewhat defective rhetoric, which cause the poem to fall short of the highest excellence of which the author is capable; but, after all allowance is made in these respects, enough remains to entitle the volume to an appreciative welcome. We quote a single specimen of word-painting that exhibits some characteristic excellences as well as defects:

"Far off, beneath a Southern sky,
Old Ocean heaved and sighed and wore scent
And singing birds ascended high,
And hung like tuneful specks between
The rainbow clouds that crowned the scene."

(Lippincott & Co.)

—We protest against desecrating the beautiful title, "a Christmas story," by applying it as a mere catch-word to any story that happens to be published about Christmas time. This is the only reason we can discover for giving such a designation to *The Merman and the Figure-Heads*; and the abuse is in this case altogether unnecessary, for the book is good enough to depend on its own merits. If any one has doubts about the real existence of mermen and merwomen, with their own government and society, and very much the same sort of life that we on the dry land live, the doubt will be dispelled by the revelations of this little volume. Or, if any are still inclined to be skeptical about it, they will have no choice but to conclude that the author (Clara F. Guernsey) has, by some singular mistake, been making these people of the sea responsible for occurrences nearer home. The book is scarcely a "juveuile," though the young folks will find it very entertaining. (Lippincott & Co.)

—A book that will probably take its place for some time to come as the most nearly indispensable to those who have business or other relations in China and Japan, such as to require of them an accurate knowledge of those countries, is *The Treaty Ports of China and Japan. A Guide Book and Vade Mecum* for travelers, merchants, and residents in general, with 20 maps and plans. The title-page gives only an inadequate idea of the extent and variety of information contained in the book, which includes a good part of what one needs to know, by way of introduction, as to the history of European intercourse, the physical and natural history, descriptions of towns, public buildings, schools, newspapers, libraries, amusements, houses-rents, market prices, cost of living in general, sanitary conditions, disposition of the native population, etc., etc., through the whole list of questions that one would naturally wish to ask. We are indebted for our copy to Mr. N. B. Denays, late of the British consular service in China, and editor of the *China Mail*. (Trübner & Co., London.)

—*Memoirs of the Life and Services of the Rt. Rev. Alonzo Potter, D.D., LL.D.*, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D.D., is a worthy record of the life of a distinguished man, and a useful contribution to the biographical literature of the country. The leading events of Bishop Potter's life, during his youth, his ministry, his service as a professor in Union College, and his episcopate, are presented with sufficient fullness to enable readers to form a just estimate of his character; and his views on various questions of public and ecclesiastical policy are also given with considerable detail. During the closing years of his life, which fell in the War of the Rebellion, he gave loyal sympathy to the cause of the Union. (Lippincott & Co.)

—*Our Perfect Favorites* is "a selection from the best minor poems of the English language," by Prof. A. C. Kendrick, of the University of Rochester. The purpose of the editor he states to be not to make "a thesaurus of minor English poetry; but simply to bring together in a single, convenient, and attractive volume as many as possible of those lesser poems, secular and sacred, in our language with which the lover of poetry is or would ideally become conversant." The selections have been made with excellent taste and skill, and the volume in its neat dress seems fitted to become a general favorite. (Sheldon & Co.)

—*The Mother's Legacy to her Unborn Child* is a reprint from the English edition of 1853, under the editorship of Mrs. S. J. Hale. The little book was originally printed in 1675, and has appeared in various editions since. Its wise and gentle Christian teachings are as timely to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. The introduction by Mrs. Hale gives all necessary information concerning the book and its author; and the publisher has issued it in an attractive form, that ought to secure for it many new readers and friends. (D. Ashmead, Philadelphia.)

—From Little, Brown & Co. we have an edition of *Plutarch's Morals*, in five noble volumes. The translation, which has been corrected and revised by Prof. W. W. Goodwin, of Harvard University, is based on that "by Several Hands," published in London in 1684-1694, and is the first edition, we believe, that has appeared in this country. The value of the volumes is enhanced by Mr. R. W. Emerson's appreciative and stimulating introduction.

—*Sam Shirl*, "a tale of the woods of Maine," is intended to convey a picture of real life in that retired locality. The author, during a residence of ten years, had various experiences, which he hopes may interest others, as well as him-self. "I felt an inclination," he says in the preface, "to connect them together in a symmetrical shape, as a chill strings its treasured beads upon a thread." Hurd & Houghton publish them.

—*Arts of Intoxication*, by Rev. J. T. Crane, D.D., is a small volume of facts and arguments intended to show the ruinous effects of intemperance. Without accepting all the author's views, we can commend his book as calculated to be useful to the cause it advocates. (Carlton & Lanahan.)

—*Belden, The White Chief*, is an exceedingly entert

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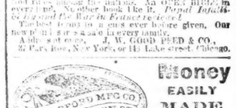

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CLIMATE OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

THIS is a subject of which our people are in the main ignorant. They have been and are in the habit at this day, of imputing to the section of country lying between the 43d and 60th parallel of latitude, and between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean, a cold climate—a bleak, barren, snowy waste, fit only to subserve the interest of the trapper and hunter in their pursuits. They have generally looked upon this section as being so far north, so cold and snowy, as to render it almost uninhabitable. This is entirely erroneous, and many of what are denominated "well-read" persons have adopted the error. The fact is that the section referred to possesses a mild, genial, and salubrious climate, and is subject in its valleys to a *lighter* fall of snow than we have even in the Middle States. It is also noted for its great and varied fertility.

It has been frequently explored by the engineers of the topographical and other departments of our army, as well as by officers of the English army, whose reports are to be found in the archives of the two countries.

It has been examined by travelers and by scientists, who have investigated the causes which produce in these *high* latitudes such effects upon the climate. And suffice it to say that, *whatever* the cause, all of these reports are of one accord touching the fact that the climate here is in a remarkable degree salubrious and genial.

Those who have located in this belt, and those who have recently visited portions of it for the purpose of making surveys, confirm the statement. As singular and paradoxical then as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that this large scope of country, extending as far north as the 60th parallel of latitude, possesses so mild a climate (the snow-falls in the valleys rarely exceeding 18 inches in depth) as to invite for their winter homes numerous large herds of buffalo, antelope, deer, and elk from the great plains in the more southern latitudes. This section includes parts or the whole of the following states and territories: viz., Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Vancouver, embracing an immense area, which is as well adapted to the raising of small grains, cereals, and such fruits as are produced in the Northern and Middle States, as can be found in the world.

General Wilson, land commissioner, says of the above states and country belonging to the United States: "The climate is exceedingly favorable to the growth of wheat, corn, and other cereals, while all the fruits raised in the Northern States are here produced in the greatest perfection; and, where it has been tested, the wheat crop yields from 20 to 40 bushels and oats from 40 to 70 bushels to the acre, of excellent quality."

Gen. Hancock remarks: "I consider Montana to be one of the finest grazing countries in the world. Its valleys are exceedingly fertile, and it is capable of sustaining an immense population." Professor Hayden, geologist, accompanying United States exploring expedition, says: "The climate is mild and healthy, the air and water pure, and springs abundant." Gen. Wilson, speaking of the valleys among the mountains of Idaho, (Rep. 1863), says the pastures of these valleys are generally uncovered with snow in the most severe winters. Considered in its yearly average, the climate is adapted to sheep-growing, herding of cattle and horses, as well as the culture of all northern varieties of fruits, and all the ordinary cereals and vegetables. The valleys of the Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue Rivers, because of the mildness of the climate and richness of the soil, presents as fine a field for *agriculture*, stockraising, and *growing of fruits* as can be found on the continent. Farmers make no provision for housing their cattle in winter, as none is required.

In a paper by Lieut. Palmer, of the Royal Engineers, read before the Geographical Society of London, the following extract is found: "Notwithstanding the elevation, the seasons exhibit no remarkable extremes of temperature. . . . Snow seldom exceeds eighteen inches in depth. In many valleys of moderate elevation cattle often range at large during the winter months, without requiring shelter or any food but the natural grasses. . . . Judging from present experience, there can be no doubt that in point of salubrity the climate of British Columbia excels that of Great Britain, and is, indeed, one of the finest in the world."

Evidences of the same character might be multiplied from reports of explorers, including McKenzie and others, down to the present time.

The causes which produce this seeming climatic paradox on this continent are ascribed by scientists to the influence of the heated stream or warm-water equatorial current which washes the shores of the Pacific Coast, diffusing its genial warmth over the land far into the interior.

One writer, in describing this Kuro-Siwo, or heated river, "compares it to the Gulf Stream; and continues that, starting from the vicinity of the Philippine Islands, it laves the eastern shore of Formosa, and, rushing past the Bay of Yeddo at the rate of 80 miles per day, it strikes across the Northern Pacific Ocean to British Columbia and Puget Sound. The influence of the Kuro-Siwo upon the Northwest is very much like that of the Gulf Stream upon England and Norway. It gives a genial climate nearly to the Arctic Circle. No icebergs are ever encountered in the North Pacific. It gives to Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Vancouver Island winters so mild that the people cannot lay in a supply of ice for summer. So the water heated beneath the tropics, off the eastern coast of Siam and north of Borneo, flows along the shore of Japan, up to the Aleutian Islands, imparting its heat to the air; which, under the universal law, ascends when heated and sweeps over the Rocky Mountains, and tempers the climate east of them almost to Hudson Bay." Whether this be the cause of the mildness of the climate is immaterial. Of the fact there can be no doubt. Along the coast the prevailing trade winds of winter are always warm and blow from west eastward.

After all, these facts are not by any means hypothetical in a geographical point of view. Nearly all Europe lies in the same latitude. The whole of France lies north of the 43d parallel.

The immense tract of country embraced in this belt, including British Columbia, now occupied by people speaking the same language, having ideas in common, and related by blood, will sooner or later be under one government and form one people.

It is capable of supporting a dense population, and we look forward to the time when this genial country shall occupy the position intended for it by manifest destiny in the spread of the area of republican institutions.

The enterprise of our people will ere long, we predict, compass this most desirable end, thereby adding a large expanse of fertile country to our territory, capable of sustaining millions of people.

A LADY, out with her little girl and boy, bought him a rubber balloon; which escaped him, and flew up in the air. The girl, seeing the tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Billy; when you die shall go to Heaven, shall dit it."

Farm and Garden.

WINTER FLOWERS.

"Then the dark pinewoods' borders are seen
Fringed tenderly with living green;
And roses, in their brightest dyes,
By Lasland's founts and lakes arise."

WHO could have thought who saw the gardens wither, and the red leaves fall, and the snowflakes drift athwart naked branches, that January would come so crowned and waylaid and bedecked with flowers?

Just as the summer sunshine failed us, and we had begun to lose our faith in blossoms, then suddenly in the long avenues of greenhouses, that through fair weather we had passed unheeded, there was a trembling amid the red-edged leaves, a quick uprising of shining flower-stems, a marvelous unfolding of bright buds; and presently from out those crystal mansions poured forth, rich with color of roses and odor of violets, the long procession of winter flowers.

It is as if a lover had seen a shadow steal across the face of his mistress from some approaching cloud of age or sorrow, and had said to himself, despondingly: "Her beauty fades; I am losing her!" And even as he sighs there reaches him something sweeter from her voice, something deeper from her words, and a spell so thrilling from her presence that he feels a beauty dawning, not a beauty lost.

For it is quite possible to gather into sunny interiors the delights of spring and summer, that they may bloom when winter comes. And what the heart and mind do for people in reproducing charms and renewing bright experiences, in precious culture and atmosphere refined, the greenhouse does for flowers.

Indeed, our winter Flora has widest range, as well as rarer quality; for it embraces many a far-brought plant and tropical treasure that the changeful summer of a northern zone could never coax to blossom: roses from India, camelias from China, azaleas from the Himalayas, orchids from Brazil, a host of delicate blossoms and graceful vines (among them the much-admired *Smilax*) from Africa, the gentian from "the verge of the avalanche," the passion-flower from beneath the Southern Cross. Truly, one breath of conservatoried fragrance wafts "a sigh from Indus to the Pole!"

Temperature, soil, modes of propagation, and means of forcing bloom have become objects of serious study in the cultivation of exotics. Experiments have been made, by shielding various compartments of the greenhouse with colored glass, to admit successively to the plant those rays of light that are most propitious to each phase of its development—violet and blue for germination, yellow for leaves and branches, and red for flowers and fruit.

Electricity, too, has been applied to seeds and bulbs to quicken growth, and render the flowering more rapid and luxuriant. One of the earliest experiments of this kind was upon two bowls of earth planted simultaneously with mustard-seed; one of which, having been electrified, was soon filled with vigorous sprouts, that reached the light of ten inches before their poor little companions in the other bowl, left entirely to mundane resources, had pushed their way up a quarter of an inch.

Apart from exceptional experiments, the florist finds ample field for devoted care and ceaseless toil. Hardly does the most accomplished achievement in fine art cost more tireless attention and manifold pangs of patience than do our winter flowers.

Of all these treasures, perilously far-brought and delicately reared, none are so prized, especially for bouquets, as the tea roses, lilies of the valley, and violets. Compared with these lovely and familiar darlings, all the long-titled beauties and unpronounceably-named foreigners of distinction, that open their perfumed circles and trail their silken splendors in hothouse society, are but as reception-day acquaintances, and "the dear five hundred" to those few best-beloved whose names are ever on our lips and whose hourly presence we sigh for or delight in.

Especially for roses is there such a passion that we shall soon rival the ancients in demanding profusion; but let it be hoped with a saving moderation that shall keep us from treading them under foot, to renew the tale of wanton Cleopatra, who on a festival day caused roses to be spread not only under her own silvery soles, but eighteen inches deep beneath an invisible network across her banqueting halls; or from making beds of them, until, like the voluptuous sybarite, we refuse to sleep if a single petal happen to be curled in our rose-wadded mattress.

Already we prize roses best when least they are in season. All the importations from Westchester and New Jersey, Long Island and Rhode Island, and still more distant greenhouses, failed to supply the holiday demand; and, if we quote Shakespeare—"At Christmas I no more desire a rose"—it must be with such amplifying amendment as the young clergyman made upon his text from "Corinthians," who, when reproved by his elders that his main point was not in conformity with the teaching of the apostle, answered complacently: "That is just where Paul and I differ."

Roses! They have been called for, prayed for, and most liberally paid for, all through the holidays. Red roses, golden roses for many and many a New Year feast; and white roses for those to whom "a happy New Year" can never more be said.

Holding the roses as the key-note to all our floral ornature, we find them in the bouquet simply modulated with violet and lily of the valley; but in the broadening basket, and in the rich clusters that crown the marble urn or Indian vase, and spread before the mirrors with all the instinct of beauty to duplicate its charms, and springing like flames from those little dropping wells of the holiday *epergnes* through endless harmonies of Daphne and myrtle, and jasmine and heath; heliotrope and mignonette; carnation, camelias, and forget-me-not; the vermilion bells of the *Begonia wintsa*, and the *Bonvardia* blushing stars; and the numberless other exquisite buds of orange and crimson and purple and pearl, whose botanical "pet names" are as incongruous to their daintiness as Brobdignag appellations for Lilliputian belles.

Interspersed with these flowers, and bordering them as with a fringe, are finely-tinted or rose-scented leaves of the geranium, delicate sprays and feathers of fern, festoons of *Smilax*, and burning red pendants of the scarlet-leafed *Poinsetta*.

Of the tea roses, which are so assiduously cultivated, new varieties are constantly being produced, through all the varying tints of fairest carnation, saffron, canary, apricot, rose, violet, lemon, salmon, scarlet, and from the pale *snowbrook* to the crimson *grandiflora*, the rose-pink *Gloire de Dijon*, and the golden *Marechal Nid*. Of carnations the latest favorite is the frost-white *La Purete*; and of the heliotrope, the *Star of Marseilles*, deepest violet, *Madame Goussi*, violet with white center, and the *Garibaldi*, pale French white, deliciously odorous.

Some time during January the *orchids*, which are just appearing, will be in their glory, or rather in their gayety; and more than fifty varieties of this fantastic and wonderfully-colored flower are promised this season at Clark's. There is, too, among the floral introductions of the year a singularly fragrant and, shall I say, *sacredly* beautiful passion flower (brought from Brazil), with leaves of such symmetric markings of rose and white and crimson upon dark green that they have suggested the name of the variety—the three-banded passion flower (*passiflora trifasciata*).

Every winter contrives new forms in which to group its flowers. Bells and crowns, crosses and wreaths, birds and ships, and stars and shields can furnish a few chances; but have you seen the Oriental Slipper? It is pretty enough, when embroidered with fresh flowers, for Flora herself; a little too near the goddess size for Cinderella. And, lastly, have you seen the "Cradle"? 'Tis a fancy of one of our favorite florists: a miniature cradle, lined, woven, coverlided, overarched, and rocked, all by fairy flowers, and destined to enter a happy house on Fifth Avenue, where the "Merry Christmas" carol was nearly forgotten in the melodious strain of "hush-a-by baby."

For many of our winter flowers we are indebted to the bulbs that, planted in China pots or in crystal jars, unfold their leaves gladly within the protection of sunny windows. The favorites are the narcissus, the crocus, and the hyacinth. Tulips are rather out of favor. It seems that they are antagonistic to the rose; for when one is loved, the other is neglected. In the time of Linnæus there were in the flower-lists but fourteen varieties of the rose and over four hundred of the tulip; and there was at one time, before we began to think of *remontants*, and *noisettes*, and China roses, and rose-gardens, quite a rage in this country for the imperial bulbs—hardly, however, sufficiently extravagant to be called a tulipomania, or to recall the bulb-fever in Holland, when Gesner, who first introduced this treasure from Constantinople, was held in the halo of glory as a sort of Cadmus of the floral alphabet, and when for single bulbs of rare varieties men paried with houses and lands and fabulous sums of honest Dutch florins.

Dr. Mackay, in his "Memoirs of Popular Delusions," relates, among other true histories of the tulip-mania time, the following amusing and deplorable incident:

"A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the "Levant." Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented him, *ex officio*, with a bill for the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red herring for his breakfast. The sailor, it appeared, had a great partiality for onions; and, seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slily seized an opportunity, and slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth two hundred and eighty pounds sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar. Search was everywhere made for the precious root; but it was not to be found. Gr at was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed; but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor. The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion, his alarmed household following him. The sailor, simple soul, had no thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his 'onion.' Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast which a cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelvemonth, or, as the blundered merchant expressed it, might have feasted the Prince of Orange and the whole court of the Stadtholder."

Shall we moralize upon the humiliating abduction of this regal tulip? Shall we compare to that ignorant sailor the coarse judgment which lacks all intuition to perceive *quality* beneath disguise? Even the animal instincts of such a spirit become clouded. One would think a lover of the rank esculent should have had some nostril or some palate true enough to the proper onion balm to have warned off a costly imposition. And what befalls? Many a veiled heart, holding, like the tulip, in its concentric spheres, the possibility of a marvelous rich unfolding, is crushed by the munching teeth, not of cruelty, but of misapprehension. The merchant of Amsterdam was to be pitied for the loss of his *Semper Augustus*; but much more to be pitied is the senseless boor who unwittingly grinds and crushes some helpless fate that accident has left within his reach, and who never knows until it is too late that he has swallowed a fortune to give spice to a herring, or that his onion was a tulip in disguise.

Winter flowers appear in *Jardinieres*. Many flowering plants, including dwarf geraniums, primroses, pansies, miniature species of cacti, forget-me-nots, and bleeding hearts are planted in ivy-bound baskets, or finely-inlaid tables, amid the prized leafage of the *Sanguinaria* and red-veined *Begonia*, the scarlet-ribboned *Dracinia*, the gracefully-branched *Caroperdium*, the needle-leaved *Raci is*, with its flame-lit bloom, the speckled *Begonia rex*, and the many-shaped and many-postured ferns.

In glass-protected ferneries woodland blossoms sometimes open their shy eyes, and glance upward, like Maud Muller, with a "pleased surprise." The scarlet berry of the wintergreen gleams like a little live coal in the fairy greenwood, and the downy-stemmed *Hepatica* lifts in the dewy shade its cool and amethyst-lit cup.

Vying with winter flowers in the pleasure of bringing to winter drawing-rooms some charm of wildwood and treasure of open air are wreaths of autumn leaves and clusters of grasses. Indeed, winter bouquets are frequently made of contrasted varieties of amaranths and immortelles, grouped lightly together with picturesque sages, pencilled grasses, nodding grains, and plumes of the sumach, pressed to hold some graceful curve. So long as these groupings are left in their natural tints they are quite pleasing; for amaranths and immortelles give in a sort of minor key all the varied tints of orange and crimson and purple, and the grasses and sedges, particularly those brought from England, are so exquisitely outlined that they have all the value of linear statuesque that belongs to frost pencilings and finest steel engraving. But when an artificial air is given to these bunches by staining the grasses a vivid green, or dipping the chaste flowers in high-toned dyes, all their purity is lost. The pensive grace that belongs to the Summer's last gift—to the keepsake by which she said in pledge, "Keep these till I come again"—has vanished. We have, indeed, durable floral specimens; but we call them no longer amaranths and immortelles.

For *well-preserved* flowers, to be lovable, must owe their gift of lastingness to some secret gift of Nature; and not to any varnishing or glazing, or drying or enamelling. They must then so offensive to the eye as rouged old age, or Time with his respectable wrinkles chalked off, or youthful airs no longer answering dimple with dimple and melting curve into curve, but setting in motion the rattling bones of decrepitude and giving us the gamut of angles.

But precious, indeed, are our *true* immortelles and amaranths! They are the gentle sisterhood of the cypress, the cedars, the laurels, and the palms. In winter we wind them into garlands for the graves of those we love; and they say to the silent mounds, "We watch with you till the violet comes." For they were made, indeed, to "hold fast to the faith" of spring and resurrection, through all the mocking "Nevermore" of winter storms and the silence of the snow.

And what shall I say of those *winter flowers* that, grouped in waxen effigy upon white satin, and encased in deep-mourning frames, bring into many a sunny chamber an inky spot of gloom, and a shuddering thought of the motionless shroud, the dark coffin, the funeral procession, and sepulchral glooms; but say not a word in their ghastly blazonry and their stolid perpetuation of resting sweetly or of rising again.

Dearer far the one red rose (the rest were buried with her)—almost in ashes now, but fragrant still—that touched her darling hand; and that only in chosen times, tearfully opening the little case, we venture to look upon. Dearer the one pale violet and blade of grass that are our Bible book-marks against the words, "Their angels do behold the face of our Father," and "He shall rise again," plucked in the latest December sunshine from

"That place where they lie buried,
That single spot is the whole earth to me!"

Winter flowers! They are like all things that perish—symbols of something that cannot die! And they say to us: The spring passes, with its budding darlings; the summer, with its impassioned blooming and its atmosphere of ecstacy, and even by love, goes; the autumn, too, lifts up its purple clusters and departs, taking with it alike its exultant fruit and its sighing leaves; and winter comes, with only ice-cold ghosts of plants and crystal flowers of snow. But the warm heart and the sunlit mind have all the year long been gathering seed and root and immortal bud; and now, when all is drear without, all is joy within.

It was but yesterday, coming from the presence of one whose silvered hair and faded lip have been smoothed and kissed by age, that, charmed by her love-inspiring heart and her thought-kindling mind, we said, in a glow almost more precious than a lover's de light, those thrilling words of Lothair: "I have been with Corisande, in her garden; and she has given me a rose!" FANCHON.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

CARBOLIC ACID.

Carbolic acid is especially useful in the case of cattle. In Belgium, Holland, and England it has been used with marked success during the prevalence of the cholera and cattle plague. Indeed, the editor of the London *Journal of Physical Science* says most positively: "We never knew a single instance in which the cattle plague spread after the carbolic acid had been freely used." Its antiseptic properties are so strong that a very small particle will prevent decomposure, putrefaction, and fermentation of blood, glue, or urine for months. Its vapor will preserve meat for months: and in the United States it has been found a most admirable remedy for scab, foot-rot, and lice or tick. It is the duty of every farmer to use it, also, around his own house; as a slight solution in water, if sprinkled around the rooms, will remove all offensive odors and keep off all insects or ants. In the poultry-yard it is an excellent remedy against vermin. It is made of coaltar, the refuse of the manufacture of coal into gas; and as a deodorizer, disinfectant, and antiseptic it has no superior. Being volatile, it will also destroy injurious sporules floating in the air, and thus prevent fungus.

The following directions are given for the use of this new therapeutic agent: A dose is one grain in an ounce of water as a gargle; one or two grains in an ounce of water as an injection; as a lotion, fifteen grains to an ounce of water; as an ointment, thirty grains to an ounce of benzoated lard; as a liniment, one grain to twenty of olive oil; as a plaster, one part to three of shellac.

The crystallized acid to be used as a caustic for abscesses, one part acid to four of boiled linseed oil; antiseptic putty, six spoonfuls antiseptic oil mixed with common whiting; aqueous solution, one part acid to forty of water.

To disinfect sick-rooms, place a portion of the dissolved acid in a porcelain dish and float it in a larger vessel of hot water. For disinfecting purposes generally, one pound of crystals to six gallons of water; fluid, one part to eighty of water; "powder," one ounce of crystals with four pounds of slacked lime; for drains, one pound acid to five gallons warm water.

Toothache is often cured with one drop of carbolate of glycerine; and diarrhœa arrested in half an hour with two drops.

Cattle washed with a weak solution are never annoyed with the flies; ten per cent. added to fresh butter makes an excellent salve for man or beast.

LEACHED ASHES FOR POTATOES.

A Maine farmer, in experiments with fertilizers for potatoes, finds a decided value in favor of leached ashes and plaster. The opinion of the public has been generally against leached ashes; but this farmer's experience shows that the "virtue is not all gone yet." On three acres of potatoes he applied fifty bushels of leached ashes, mixed with five bushels of plaster, and administered at the rate of a handful to the hill. The land was a good, strong, heavy soil, and the results were most beneficial. He regards leached ashes as worth twenty-five cents per bushel as a manure. Farmers of the Kennebec, don't let the Long Island schooner carry away a single bushel of leached ashes from any port in your county the coming spring. It is better to purchase them at a shilling a bushel than to buy super-phosphate at sixty dollars a ton.

AGRICULTURAL.

KNOX

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Financial & Commercial.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN AS A FINANCIER.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN, in his recent message to the legislature of the State of New York, went out of the track of his official duty, and devoted nearly one-half of his message to the work of enlightening the legislature in regard to the tariff and Federal finances. This part of the message was evidently designed to have the two-fold character of a leader for the Democratic party, and a political bid for nomination at the next presidential election. Fancying himself to be the man for the hour, the Governor proposes to take time by the forelock, to plant himself first in the field, and at the earliest moment sound the tocsin of the contest in 1872. Whether this will prove his good or bad luck we leave time to decide; yet nothing is more evident than that John T. Hoffman, whatever else he may be, is no financier.

His deliverance upon the tariff question (a question with which neither he nor the legislature had any official concern) consists in a series of general platitudes and catch-phrases, furnished him by the Free Traders, simply meant for buncombe, and really having no practical character as opposed to the policy of the Republican party. The country is just as wise after reading the message as it was before; and no more so. The Republican party believes in a tariff for the purposes of revenue, levied on as few articles as possible, mainly levied upon such articles of foreign importation as are or can be produced in this country, and so adjusted as to be incidentally protective to American industry against the pauper labor of Europe. It believes in the readjustment and, if necessary, reduction of this tariff, so as to make it answer the fiscal necessities of the Government. In accordance with this view, Congress at its last session took off about twenty-six millions of dollars from its scale of import duties and largely increased the free list; and when the facts shall justify further modifications of our tariff laws the Republican party is fully prepared to accept and adopt them. It is committed to no hobbies on this subject, except the one of making adequate provision for the fiscal wants of the Government, honestly paying the public debt, and promptly paying the annual interest. It believes that the three great industries of the country—agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial—are practically one; and that whatever promotes any one of the three serves the other two. It does not believe in having our workshops in Europe; but in having them in this country, as far as possible, and thus bringing production and consumption as near together as may be. Is not this right?

Such, in a few words, is the creed of the Republican party, as indicated by the President in his recent Message, which has given such general satisfaction to the members of this party. Now, is Governor Hoffman attacking this creed? If so, then we tell him plainly that we think he will never be the President of these United States. If not so, then he is simply firing his gun at a man of straw. All his talk about favoritism and monopoly in favor of one interest at the expense of another, as the natural fruit of a tariff incidentally protective, is merely the Free Trader's slang. If there be any truth in the idea, it is applicable to any tariff, whether for protection or revenue, or both; and, hence, Governor Hoffman, by his own showing, ought to go the whole figure—abolish all tariff laws, and collect all the needed revenues of the government by a system of internal excise and direct taxation upon the people. This is what the Free Traders mean; and it is just what Governor Hoffman's argument means, if it means anything in consistency with itself, and in opposition to the policy of the Republican party. We predict that his deliverance will not help his presidential prospects. It would have been much shrewder to treat this question as he did the "Erie Classification Bill"—simply pass the point in silence.

The Governor is hardly less unfortunate in his discussion of Federal finances. His ideas, summarily expressed, embrace the following scheme: first, that the Government should suspend the policy of purchasing and canceling its own bonds, and *hoard* in the Treasury all its surplus gold up to a certain amount, say a hundred millions of dollars; secondly, that when the proposed amount is reached the Government should resume specie payment by announcing its readiness to redeem its greenback currency in coin, and continuing thereafter to do so. This is the substance of what the Governor proposes as a substitute for what he pronounces the ill-advised policy of the present Administration. Upon this scheme we offer a word of comment.

1. The Governor complains of our tariff laws, because under them the Government collects more gold revenue than it needs to pay the annual interest on the public debt. We, hence, conclude from this branch of his argument that he would refuse this revenue to a point that would make it just equal to the payment of the gold interest. Will he then please to tell us where the Government would get the gold surplus necessary by the terms of his own financial scheme? He first finds fault with the present tariff because it yields a gold surplus, and then proposes a financial scheme which demands such a surplus. This we call a very remarkable specimen of logical forgetfulness, if not stupidity.

2. The scheme proposed loses all the benefit to the Government arising from a reduction of interest by bond redemption, which already amounts to more than $10,000,000 per year since General Grant came into power.

3. This plan of hoarding Treasury gold is of all plans the most effectual for playing into the hands of gold speculators. It would make the article scarce in the market; and this would increase the demand for it, and enable the speculators to keep up its premium at a high mark.

4. The proposed specie resumption, when announced, would almost certainly be followed by a speedy suspension of specie payment, in consequence of the rush upon the Treasury for coin. The Governor's scheme would burst up in less than a week, and make things vastly worse than they were before.

5. If the Government, upon redeeming its notes, should destroy them, this would contract the currency, and bring distress upon the country. If it reissues the same notes, then the United States Treasury is turned into a bank of issue and redemption, the Government constantly paying its debts and as constantly contracting them, and never reaching the point when this greenback currency disappears from public use. Upon either supposition Governor Hoffman's plan is beset with formidable objections.

On the whole, we conclude that this sophomorical financier has something yet to learn. We assume, as a settled proposition, that the American people will in the end return to an exclusively national bank currency, and not permanently maintain the two forms now existing. If so, then all schemes are worse than useless that do not propose the gradual substitution of bank-notes for greenbacks, and in this way the withdrawal of the latter. And as for specie resumption, this is mainly a question of financial laws, and not of legislative coercion or manipulation, about which there will be no serious difficulty when the present policy of the Administration shall have brought greenbacks very nearly to par with gold. The country has moved 17 per cent. in this direction within the last year; and ere long the point will be reached, and the transit to specie payment be made comparatively easy.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NOTES.

THE Internal revenue receipts of the Government from July to October, 1870, were $60,646,372 91, as against $59,413,709 73 for the corresponding period in 1869, showing a gain of $1,202,672 18. The tax on spirits, tobacco, and fermented liquors furnished the largest part of this increase. There was a falling off in the receipts on incomes, chiefly because this tax was collected at an earlier period in 1870 than in 1869. We think that it would be a very good thing if this form of taxation were to fall off altogether, by an immediate repeal of the law. The sooner Congress comes to this conclusion the sooner it will think a wise thought and do a wise thing. There is an ample margin for taxation in other things, without resorting to this inquisitorial method of collecting an adequate revenue for all the wants of the Government.

—According to the statement of Mr. Joseph Nemmo, Jr., chief of the tonnage division of the Treasury Department, the United States stood third on the list of nations in the amount of foreign commerce for the year 1869. The commerce of Great Britain amounted to $2,577,180,286; that of France, to $1,474,051,049; and that of the United States, to $921,000,329. As a commercial nation, Great Britain now leads the world; yet, at no very remote period, perhaps in the course of the next fifty years, the United States will take this position. Great Britain has reached her full growth, and can never be much greater than she is now; while this country has hardly passed beyond the period of youth. Her manhood will place her at the head of commercial nations, and make New York the monetary center of the world.

—Judge Blatchford has recently rendered a decision adversely to the Government, in favor of about one hundred New York merchants, who brought a suit to recover money which, under protest, they paid on an alleged illegal appraisement of imported goods. The point at issue was whether the charges for transportation from the place of manufacture to that of shipment and the commissions paid on the goods should be added in appraising their valuation. The merchants claimed that in the assessment of duties this is illegal; and the ruling of Judge Blatchford supports the claim. This decision, unless reversed, restores to these merchants about $500,000 paid in excess of the requirements of law. The principle, if applied to other cases substantially similar, will make it necessary for the Government to pay back to the importers of New York several millions of dollars.

—The recent explosion of the Home Fire Insurance Company, of New Haven, showing debts to the amount of $200,000 in excess of its assets, and entirely swamping the capital of the stockholders, is the fruit of the most inexcusable carelessness and even recklessness in the management of its affairs. The stock, nominally $1,000,000, now turns out not to have been above $400,000, and its actual losses are more than double the amount reported. It has wildly accepted risks, and trusted agents without proper business discrimination. Its failure is due to bad management, if nothing worse, and should be a warning to all insurance companies so to conduct their business as to deserve the confidence which they ask. Insurance, unless it be as *sure* as the nature of the case will permit, is simply a fraud upon the community.

—Complaints, in the aggregate amounting to $500,000, have been filed against the exploded firm of Morris Ketchum, Son & Co., by banks and private individuals, for the recovery of funds and securities deposited with the firm prior to the great defalcation of Edgar B. Ketchum, in 1865. The complainants allege that Morris Ketchum, after discovering the embezzlement by his son, abstracted property from the firm that ought to have been paid to its creditors. If they make good this proposition, then their claim upon this property is a just one. The case of Edgar B. Ketchum (a brilliant and aspiring young man) ought to teach all men that strict integrity in business is the only path of safety.

—The public debt during the last fiscal year was reduced by the sum of $101,601,916 88. From the 1st of December, 1869, to the 30th of November, 1870, inclusive, the reduction amounts to $119,351,240 58. The total reduction from the 1st of March, 1869, up to the 1st of December, 1870, amounts to $190,154,765 36, taking off more than $10,000,000 from the annual interest to be paid on the debt. These are very pleasant figures for the American people to read. They reflect honor upon the policy pursued by the Administration. The way to pay the public debt is to keep paying it till the last dollar is paid.

MONEY MARKET.

THE attempt to make high rates for money by locking up currency has been signally defeated by the plethora of loanable funds occasioned by the heavy payments from the Treasury, and the disbursements of dividends since the first of the month by the numerous corporations which make New York their point of distribution. For a very few days the rates of interest on call loans were put up by the lenders; but on Saturday there was a regular thawing out, and the weekly bank statement exhibited a much larger accumulation of capital in our bank-vaults than any one had calculated upon. The figures were almost startling in their effect upon the street when they became known, and money was freely offered on call at 6 per cent. on miscellaneous securities.

The weekly averages of the associated banks in the Clearing-house of the city for the week ending Saturday last compare as follows with the previous week, and with the corresponding week last year, to which is added the specie and currency balances in the New York offices of the United States Treasury at these dates respectively:

	Jan. 8, '70.	Jan. 1, '71.	Dec. 31, '70.
Increase in Loans			$2,169,000
Increase in Specie			3,509,245
Increase in other Legal Tenders			2,716,000
Increase in Deposits			4,405,000
Decrease in Circulation			34,700
	Jan. 8, '70.	Jan. 1, '71.	Dec. 31, '70.
National Capital	$28,025,000	$24,425,000	$24,425,000
Legal Tenders	17,965,998	15,191,998	15,126,998
Total	$45,990,998	$39,616,998	$39,551,998
Loans	233,471,433	235,640,433	233,471,418
Gold and Gold Notes	35,661,800	39,218,191	39,008,870
Other Legal Tenders	45,527,774	49,31,410	45,243,234
Deposits	196,109,784	200,068,984	194,663,931
Circulation	34,146,841	$7,114,716	37,183,541
In Sub-Treasury	33,703,879	69,349,979	70,320,211

The bank statement of Saturday exhibits the following relative strength of the movement in lawful money security to the previous statement. The banks owe:

	Dec. 31, '70.	Jan. 7, '71.	Jan. 8, '70.
On deposit	$194,672,905	$200,068,984	$196,109,784
Circulation	39,183,541	37,114,716	34,146,841
Total	$233,777,449	$234,183,543	$234,718,065
25 p. ct. would be	58,094,362	58,538,386	58,679,516

They hold:

In Gold and Greenbacks	69,574,923	73,380,691	84,702,764
Excess	$10,973,231	$15,531,215	$26,123,041

These figures exhibit as favorable a condition of financial affairs, as far as our banks are concerned, as could be desired; and they relieve the Street from all anxiety as to the supply of money for all the necessary requirements of commerce and speculation. But they do not relieve the Street from the croakings of "bears," who still insist that a great financial disaster is brewing, and that a panic must ensue from the shrinkage of prices which has taken place. But the country has stood the shrinkages of the five years pretty well, and our business interests are now recovering from their effects.

Gold continues firm at 110½ to 110¾, in spite of the very moderate sums now being shipped to Europe and the large payments made at the Treasury. The market is so largely oversold by the "bears," who constitute the majority of the speculators and of the German banking firms, that they keep it from going lower by being under the necessity of carrying the gold belonging to the "bulls." The Custom House receipts will be smaller hereafter, in consequence of the new tariff, which went into operation on the 31st of December; but they continue to be very large for January. The payments of gold from the Sub-Treasury have been about $700,000 a day, while the customs paid into the Treasury averaged over $630,000 per day. The Treasury also paid off the additional sum of $702,000 on the principal of the loan of 1871, leaving only about a million of dollars of that loan now outstanding, and upon which the interest has ceased.

The speculative movement in stocks gained new life on Saturday, and a very lively time is anticipated for the rest of the month. But a counter movement has been inaugurated, and the first bombshell thrown into the camp of the "bulls" has been in the form of a circular from Mr. Rufus Hatch, showing the extent of railroad stock waterings, and especially in relation to the Vanderbilt roads. Mr. Hatch promises to follow up his Circular No. 1 with others, showing up the watering operations of other railroad magnates. But he is not likely to have all the fun to himself. A director of the New York Central has prepared a reply to Mr. Hatch, showing the fallacy of some of his arguments and statements; and while the controversy is going on the operation on the Stock Exchange will be lively.

DRY GOODS.

THE opening business of 1871 is very moderate in amount, and there is not much likelihood of an immediate increase. There are no discouragements in the existing conditions of trade, and all classes are prepared to start fairly in the race for the profits of the coming year. There is some talk about the shrinkage of values; but prices have a very firm look, notwithstanding the low rates of the raw material in cotton goods, and the extraordinarily large importation of foreign goods during the past year, which exceeded in value those of the preceding year by $15,000,000, and of the year preceding that one by $28,500,000. The largest amount of dry goods ever imported into New York in one year was in 1866, when the value reached $126,000,000; in 1859 it was $113,000,000; and in 1870 $109,500,000. The present year the importations must be on a smaller scale, for the reason that Germany and France will have less to send. The silks of France, which prove so important an item in our dry goods importations, cannot be supplied from any other quarter; and the worsted stuffs which we have usually received from the same source were of a description that neither the looms of England nor Germany can supply. The enormous increase in our importations of dry goods for the past twenty-one years clearly show how expansive is the business of dry goods, and will serve as an indication of the annual increase for the next twenty-one years. In the year 1849 we imported but $44,500,000 in value, the next year $60,000,000, the next $62,000,000, and so on up to $109,500,000 in 1870. There is not the least danger of any decline in the business. Unless some great social revolution should take place (of which there is not the slightest probability) whereby men and women should abandon their habits of luxury in dress, and our increase of population be checked, the dry-goods importer, manufacturer, jobber, and retailer will have enough to do to keep up with the constantly increasing demand. There is a limit to what people eat and drink; but there is none to the requirements for the adornment of their persons. In addition to the growing wants of our white populations, the lately emancipated blacks are becoming better customers for every description of goods; and the Savages are learning the use and comfort of woolens and cottons, and are discarding the skins in which they once clothed themselves. It is the mission of our dry goods to put clothes on naked; and, while human beings are born without shirts, there will be no diminution in the demand for shirtings.

No general revision has yet taken place in the price-list of domestic fabrics, and there will probably be none before the 1st of February. There have been some small changes, and in printing-cloths there is a firmer feeling, with a shade higher rates. There are still complaints of a lack of water at some of the larger mills, and a consequent decrease of production; but that cause can hardly continue during the winter.

Unbleached sheetings and shirtings are without material change; the supply in the hands of agents is unusually small, and prices are consequently very firm. Indian Head, Appleton A. and Laurel D standards are still held at 13 cts.; Adriatic and Amoskeag, 12½ cts.

In bleached sheetings and shirtings there is no important movement; but prices are very firm, and, as the stock in first hands is extremely limited, there is not likely to be any immediate decline. The leading makes are sold close up to the supply, and the demand for medium and low is moderately active for the season. No large transactions will probably be effected before the latter part of the month. New York Mills are held by the agents at 20 cents, and Wamsuttas at 19 cents for 4-4. The decline in prices has not been in proportion to the decline in the value of the raw material.

The prices of printing-cloths are higher and very firm. For 64 square, standard quality, in the gray, 7¼ cts. to 7½ cts. is the rate; and sales have been effected, deliverable in February, at 7¾ cts.

In prints there has been some demand for dark fancies; but without special activity. The agents have exhibited a few cases of specimens of the new light effects, for the spring trade; but no general display of new styles has yet been made, and prices are not determined. Sprague's dark fancies are sold at 10½ cts. to 11 cts.; Merrimacks 11 cts. for dark D fancies.

Ginghams are selling moderately; but there is no special change of prices.

In other departments of domestic cotton goods there is no change of importance to notice; the market is quiet and the demand small. The movement is not yet sufficient to effect any noticeable changes in quotations.

Woolen goods are generally quiet, and the demand is small. There is something doing in cloths; but sales are confined almost exclusively to the clothiers, and prices are steady.

In doeskins there is but little demand; the sales are restricted to a few favorite makes, and quotations are merely nominal.

Cassimeres are in moderate demand from the clothiers for light weights, adapted to the spring business, and attractive styles meet with ready sales.

Satinets are in small demand. All grades are inactive, and prices are barely steady.

Other woolen fabrics are neglected, and sales are on a very limited scale.

On foreign goods there is the usual lull of mid-winter; but there is a very good supply in the hands of the importers, and preparations are making for an active spring business. The stationary rates of gold and foreign exchange and the low point to which the price of cotton has fallen will give greater stability to values in foreign goods than has been the case since the close of the Rebellion.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

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BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 5 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, Jan. 2d, 1871.

The subjoined table will show the gross earnings and operating expenses of the main line of the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD (Salt Lake to San Francisco), and the number of miles operated in each year, from the commencement to the present time:

	Miles Operated.	Gross Earnings.	Operating Expenses.
1865	31 to 56	$491,311 99	$321,969 57
1866	56 to 167	804,187 37	349,670
1867	91 to 157	1,170,052 70	330,913 30
1868	157 to 348	1,604,453	1,005,196
1869	348 to 743	5,070,902 75	2,903,527 1
1870	742 to 900	7,369,761 39	4,003,564 91
Total		$16,629,819 39	$9,530,840 15

The following will show the net earnings, interest liabilities, and surplus earnings of each year for the same period:

	Net earnings.	Interest on outstanding bonded debt, over interest.	Surplus of net earnings bonded debt, over interest.
1865	$321,972	$165,111	$156,161
1866	454,516	175,382	279,134
1867	840,137	262,070	578,067
1868	1,117,970	905,000	662,970
1869	2,166,375	1,904,153	1,262,222
1870	3,365,195	1,650,230	2,270,965
Total	$10,729,265	$4,134,221	$5,855,044

From the foregoing tables it will be seen that the Central Pacific Railroad has earned in six years more than $10,000,000 net over operating expenses, and nearly $6,000,000 over operating expenses and interest on its bonds; while during four years and a half of that time the road was under construction, without through business, and for the first three years with less than 100 miles in operation.

Of the earnings for 1870 at least sixty-five per cent. was from local business, a fact which demonstrates that the Central Pacific Railroad is independent of the through connection for its character as a self-sustaining and profitable road, and that its net earnings from local traffic alone would more than pay the interest upon its bonds, independently of its large and increasing business.

The security of the principal and the assurance of regular and prompt payment of interest which are afforded in the valuable property and immense revenue of the road render the Central Pacific bonds as safe and reliable an investment as can be made. They are daily quoted on the regular call of the New York Stock Exchange and of several of the most important Stock Exchanges of Europe, and can be as readily sold at quoted market price as the bonds of the United States Government.

We buy and sell Government Bonds, Gold, etc., make collections, receive deposits, allow interest thereon, and do a general banking business.

FISK & HATCH.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.

BREADSTUFFS.—We have had a fairly active and at times variable and excitable Wheat market, consequent upon the very unreliable Cable reports and the unexpected light stock of Wheat in Liverpool, it being 363,000 quarters, against 816,781 quarters Jan. 1st, 1870; but this deficiency is more than made up by the excessive supply at London and Glasgow. The advanced prices and the higher freights have prevented the filling of many orders for export and checked the speculative inquiry. The extreme prices insisted upon prevent millers from operating to any extent; but the confidence of the principal holders is undiminished and the offerings have been light. At the close there was a light inquiry. Winter was easier but Spring firm. The exports of the week were only 112,152 bushels, against 173,997 bushels the corresponding time last year. Flour has been comparatively quiet, though, with favorable news from Europe and limited present and prospective arrivals, holders have been able to establish some improvement daily. The demand has been quite general, though mainly for the domestic trade. The inquiry for export has been fair, but the advanced prices insisted upon has prevented the filling of many orders. The exports of the week have been 29,745 barrels, against 26,294 barrels in 1870. At the close the market is quiet, owing to the extreme prices insisted upon. Oats have been in steady demand. Choice have slightly improved and close firmer, and in fair demand, for the trade chiefly. Our present supply is ample. Indian Corn has been fairly active at variable prices. The arrivals have hardly supplied the wants of the domestic trade and nothing has been done for export, the current high freights preventing shippers filling orders. Barley has attracted more attention; and, with limited arrivals and a diminished stock, holders are firmer. Good State has been in more active demand and is held higher. Good to choice Canadian have sold freely, and the market is firm at the close. Rye has been in moderate demand for milling, and with limited arrivals prices are rather firmer. At the close the market is firm.

COFFEE.—There has been a fair demand for Rio since our last; but prices have advanced and the market closes firm. Java has sold freely, and the West India grades were inquired after, all at full prices.

MOLASSES.—The market for the foreign grades remains very dull and prices are nominally unchanged. Domestic has been in fair request, but prices are lower. We quote Porto Rico at 58 cts., English Island at 37 cts., New Orleans at 67@75 cts.

RICE.—There has been a fair demand and the market remains firm, but in prices we hear of no change of importance. We quote at 6¼@7¼ cts. for very choice at 7¾ cts. Foreign remains entirely nominal.

SUGARS.—The market for Raw has been very dull throughout the past week, but prices remain much the same. Fair to good Refining at 9½@9¾ cts. No. 12 Box at 10¼, 9⅞@9¾ cts. for Cuba, 11⅝@12⅛ cts. for Demerara, 9½@10 cts. for Havana. Refined has been in fair demand and prices sustained, closing at 14@14⅛ cts. for Hards and 13@13⅜ cts. for Soft White.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET

FOR WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JAN. 10TH, 1871.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.—The trade is dull and prices are lower.

MILCH COWS.—Few fresh Cows are offering, and few are wanted.

VEAL CALVES.—Only fat Milch Calves are in demand.

SHEEP.—There has been a better demand for fat lots, and prices are about ½ cts. higher.

SWINE.—The market is very strong, cold weather being favorable for the trade.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	15¼@16	15¼@16
First quality	14½@15	14½@15¼
Second quality	13½@14¼	13½@14¼
Third quality	11 @13¾	11 @13¾
Ordinary	10 @11½	9½@10¾
Average of all sales shown	@13¾	@13

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

Cows and Calves.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$@$ 90	$@$ 95
Good	60@ 75	60@ 75
Fair	50@ 60	50@ 60
Inferior and Common	30@ 45	30@ 45

Veal Calves.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	11½@12	11½@12¼
Good	10½@11	10½@11¼
Common	9½@10¼	9½@10¼
Inferior	7½ @9	8½@9¼

Sheep and Lambs.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	per lb 7 @7½	7 @7¾
Extra	" 6¾@7	6¾@6¾
Good	" 6½@6¾	6½@6
Fair	" 6 @6¼	6 @6¼
Common	" 5 @5¾	5 @5¾
Extra Lambs	" @ —	@ —
Good do	" @ —	@ —
Common to Fair	" @ —	@ —

Swine.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb
Corn-fed	@7¾	@8@9

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, January 9, 1871.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially prepared for THE INDEPENDENT (and more accurately than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack W	12	Wamsutta	7¾
Merrimack, D	11	Garner & Co	10¾
Cocheco, L	11¼	Arnold	8¾
Spragues	10¾	Hamilton	11
Pacific	10¾	Richmond	10¾
American	10¾	Gloucester	10¾
Dunnells	11	Mourning	10¾
Allens	10¾	Lancaster	10¾
Manchester	10¾	Oriental	10¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	15	Roanoke	12¾
Hartford	12¾	Glasgow	14

BROWN SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14	Pemperell,	12½
Lawrence, D	14	" E	11½
" L	13	" F	10½
" R	9¾	" G	9¾
" B	9	" H	8¾
Pacific, Extra	14	" I	8¼
" A	12	" K	7¾
Atlantic, A	14	Boot, S	12¾
" H	12½	" R	11
" P	11½	" H	10½
Augusta	11	" F	9
Augusta, F	14	Appleton, A	13
Stark A	14	" Extra	12¾
Massachusetts	12	Lacouia, O	12
" Bl'k'd	11	" F	11
Indian Head	11	Lyman, E	11
" Bl'k'd	10	" C	10
Exeter, A	11½	Yremont, C	10
" B	10½	Indian Orchard, A	11½
Medford	11½	" B	10½
Amoskeag	10	" C	9½
"	10	" D	8½
Pittsfield, A	9½	Great Falls, H	9½
Kennebec	11	" S	11½
Bedford, R	9¾	" E	10½
Pocasset, A	11	" M	11
" F	9¾	" D	10
Newmarket, A	10¾	Dwight, A	9
		"	8¾

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills, 4-4	20	Revere, A	11¾
Wamsutta	19	Mystic Lake	11
"	18	Ballou & Son	10¾
Tuscarora	14	"	9¾
Gates	13	Lonsdale	13¾
White Rock	11½	Cambric	15
Forestdale	12	Hill	11½
Waverly	11	"	10½
Blackstone	11½	Bartlett	14½
Hope	11½	" Bl'nch'd	15
Langdon	11	" Bl'nch'd	12
" Bl'nch'd	11¼	Jaffrey, 36 in. Mills	14
" 36-inch	13	" " Bl'nch'd	12¾
Wauregan	11	Great Falls, S	11½
Pequeral	9¾	" A	12
"	8¾	" Bl'nch'd	11
"	7¾	" C	10
"	6¾	Red Bank	10½
Utica	11½	"	9½
"	10½	Waltham, X	11½
"	9½	"	10½
Boot, R	11½	"	9½
"	10½	"	8½
" W	9¾	"	7½
Androscoggin	14	Bay Mills	9¾
Chapin	10¾	Green, O	9¾
Dwight, A	13½	Amoskeag	11½
" Long Cloth	12	"	10

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	26	Otis Company, CC	18
York	20	" BB	17
Uncasville	12	" AA	21
Beaver Falls	18	Warren, Brown	25
Warwick Mills	18	Lewiston, Brown	25
Upton	18	Columbian	25
Manchester	18		

STRIPED SHIRTINGS

Amoskeag	20	Whittenton, A	17½
York	20	" B	15
Uncasville	12	" C	13
Beaver Falls	18	Exeter	10½
Warwick Mills	18	Thorndike	10½
Upton	18	Dartmouker	13
Manchester	18		

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	22½	Spirit River	13½
York, 32-inch	28	Methuen, AA	25½
Amoskeag, A	26	Hamilton, Regular	24
" A	24	Willow Brook	23
" C	21	Everett	20
" D	19	" A, Extra	17½
" E	15	Hampden, CC	14
Conestoga, Gold Medal	24	Pearl River	27
" Extra	21	Pittsfield	8

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	11½	Pepperell	13½
Lacouia	11½	Bates	9
New Hampshire	10	Saco, Orchard	9
New Market	10	Everett	13½

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	14	Appleton	14
Pepperell	14	Tremont	13
Lacouia	14	Augusta	13
Stark A	14	Wimbrook	12½

DELAINES.

Pacific	18	Lowell	18
Hamilton	18	Sprague's	18
Manchester	18	Arnolds	19

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	17	Everett, A	16½
Lawrence	15½	Amoskeag, A	17
Uncasville, A	15½	Ellerton, H	17
" H	13½	" O	20
Nashua A	16½		

HOWES & MACY, Bankers (the same as an incorporated bank), No. 30 Wall St., New York. Four per cent. interest allowed on deposits, and collections made everywhere at current rates.

BOYNTON'S

Portable and Brick Set Furnaces, for heating all Classes of Private and Public Buildings, with Anthracite, Bituminous Coal, or Wood; Family and Hotel Low and Double Oven Ranges; Improved Baltimore Fire Place Heaters; Parlor Furnaces and Double Heaters; Cooking, Parlor, Office, School, Laundry, and Depot Stoves, have for many years been known as the most desirable goods of this class in the country, and have been more generally and extensively used. Thirty years of practical experience have given us a thorough knowledge of the business, in all its branches, such as few possess. We now have a most complete stock of the above goods.

We have REDUCED our PRICES to correspond with the times, and have increased our Facilities for Manufacturing, and are prepared to fill orders to any extent.

We also guarantee the work we do ourselves to be perfectly satisfactory.

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Linens, Sheetings, Damasks, Damask Table-Cloths, Napkins, Doyliies, Towels, Toweling, Tickings, Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Counterpanes, CARPETS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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BROADWAY, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Streets.

Rufus Hatch's CIRCULAR, NO. 1.

FRAUDS IN RAILROAD MANAGEMENT,

And their Remedies.

N. Y. CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER.

There are now in the United States 50,000 miles of railroad. The cost of these works exceeds $2,000,000. Their annual earnings exceed $100,000,000, and equal $11 per head of our entire population. They transport, annually, 125,000,000 tons of freight, or over three tons to each person, assuming our entire population to be 40,000,000. The value of their tonnage, at the low estimate of $100 to the ton, equals $200 per head, and an aggregate sum of $12,500,000,000—a sum six times greater than their cost. Every mile of road constructed adds five times its cost to the aggregate value of the property of the country.

All this vast commerce and wealth are wholly creations of railroads, and within the short space of twenty years. Such results are possible only in a country like our own, the market for whose staples, whether for home consumption or exportation, is within a narrow belt, lying immediately upon its northeastern coast-line, and more than one thousand miles from the great seat of production. Wheat, the most valuable of our cereals, will not bear transportation over ordinary earth-roads more than 350 miles; over railroads it will bear transportation 3,500 miles. These works, consequently, are the only ones that have given or that can give a commercial value to the products of the interior. They increase the value of these products just in ratio as the cost of transportation is reduced. But for them, many of the most densely-inhabited, wealthy, and prosperous portions of the country would have remained as wild and uncultivated as they were one hundred years ago. But for them our commerce, considered in reference to its vast magnitude, would hardly have had an existence. They lie at the foundation of and sustain all the varied interests of the country.

It was inevitable that the possession of such works—the most potent agencies for good ever yet devised by the ingenuity of man—should be sought by the grasping and selfish, for the purpose of turning, as far as possible, into their own pockets, and at the expense of the nation, the wealth they create. The common mode is to add, by "*watering*," to their n